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Interview with Donor Cruise Office. There are few men who establish international reputations as scholars or as diplomats, or as politicians. O'Brien has done all three.



Gandor's Song Gandor Lightfoot has become, over 20 years, more than a bit of a legend. But, while the artist has been held up to close inspection before, the man himself remains elusive.



Dying like a dog. It's horrific and disgusting, and it's illegal but throughout North America, men, women and even children get their kids one or two dogs to shoot them to death. **Page 18**



Take a giant step. The last best chance each has, if more ways than one will come when man can get off it—in itself cost members. And that day is coming sooner than you think.



Anyone who supports censorship, he warned, this may make you upset. The Miss Givens of Ottawa and Ontario are again begging the question, "What's more dangerous than obesity?" Page 78



Childhood's End Sixty years ago Jean Cocteau and the American formed The Band. It disbanded 18 months ago but director Martin Scorsese ensured its The Last Waltz, its immortality. Page B2



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Interview

With Conor Cruise O'Brien

It is sometimes said in Dublin that Conor Cruise and O'Brien are three different men, each with a career of his own. Certainly Ireland's celebrated scholar-diplomat has had many careers, and has excelled in all of them. His books on history, literature, and politics are acclaimed worldwide for their elegance and scholarship. His eminence is recognized on both sides of the Atlantic and he is also admired in the Third World for his tireless uncovering of many political misdeformities from British doveness in the Congo to CIA manipulations in Indochina. In his own country he is known as an implacable critic of the Irish Republican Army and a voice of sanity in an era surrounded by manufactured political hysteria.

Born in Dublin in 1917, O'Brien was a member of the Irish delegation to the United Nations from 1966 to 1969. He was seconded to the UN Secretariat in 1961 and sent to the Congo as special representative of Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld. O'Brien's Congo experience was an unhappy one, clouded by controversy and he resigned in December, 1961. For the next three years he was vice-chancellor of the University of Ghana, followed by four years as a professor at New York University. O'Brien entered Irish politics in 1969 and was a member of Parliament for eight years, including four as minister for posts and telecommunications. For one year (1972-73) he was a member of the European Parliament and he still holds a seat in the Seanad. This year, at the age of 60, O'Brien began yet another career as a television and radio commentator. On The Observer, one of Britain's leading political nation-wide newspapers, he is also working on a biography of his great grandfather, the 18th-century Whig Edmund Burke.

The multilingual and much-travelled O'Brien has recently returned from a trip to southern Africa. In Toronto to participate in a symposium on Canadien and the Celtic Conscience, O'Brien talked with Maclean's contributing editor Hubert de Santis.

Maclean's: What is your feeling about the separatist movement in Quebec? Is Quebec independence really possible?

O'Brien: I think that it's not inevitable. I don't know whether the people of Quebec want independence, but if they want it it's clearly possible to have a Quebec which will be politically and culturally separate from the rest of Canada, and which would be recognized as an independent



Nationalism is a great force, but it can be dangerous; look at what Ireland is enduring

state and would be a member of the United Nations. If the people of Quebec want that, but what it would all mean in practical social and cultural terms is another matter, because it's not possible for Quebec to stay half way away from North America, any more than it's possible for Ireland to stay half way from the British Isles. The U.S.'s transnationalistic mentality is like a form of insanity.

Maclean's: It's become fashionable in Canadien speak of separation at arm's length until demerit, the country.

O'Brien: I obviously would not like to lay down the law about Canada, but I have this in general I don't think political

things in themselves, either good or bad, the movements of a third of the world. People must be allowed to change their minds. Massacre is the antithesis of nationalism.

O'Brien's nationalism is a great focus of human and collective life, but it can be dangerous. We in Ireland have been enduring the crazy notion of separation for the last nine years. There are ways of moving together in those relations.

Maclean's: What are you going to do now? Are you going to leave now or are you staying? (Laughs)



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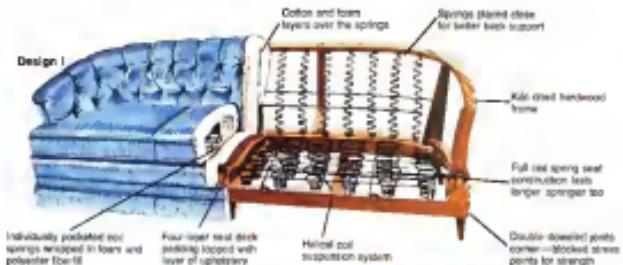
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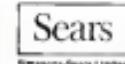
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semi-independence. But the undercurrents continue of that is that, because many black-owned and popular joints in the Afrikaans are now closing, this industry is in a crisis which they must have intended at least with part of their aim as a facade; they now want to cover up themselves and others that it's all true, and in that effort to make it so, they're making it come apart.

Maschane: Can you give me evidence of cracks appearing in the apartheid system?

O'Brien: For example, the apartheid at the top has gone. You still see huge偏見 "Whites Only" or "Africans Only" or whatever. That's the regular level of life, but in the big hotels, airports and that sort of thing apartheid is gone. I actually saw a black man carrying the doorman of the Carlton Hotel with his arm around where women—something you wouldn't see in many southern African towns to this day. It seems to me that the scattered cracks in the main structure are likely to expand.

Maschane: How do you interpret your appearance in apartheid?

O'Brien: Well, I remember years back when I was much younger and considerably more foolish, I think I wanted to be the most anti-apartheid thing in sight. A certain professor asked me despatch, the question: "Do you think that the use of the machine gun would be justified in a last resort to end apartheid?" And I heard myself saying, "Yes!" And then I sort of caught myself. End apartheid by killing everybody who lives under or over apartheid? If I find a fair amount of people on the left who nevertheless really thinking that, they don't care a damn about the rest of the people—it's the principle.

Maschane: Many康士坦丁 were deeply moved by the Steve Biko affair. What did you think of the writer who was Awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature?

O'Brien: We were in town on the day this heroic worker was handed down. You remember what the writer was? They said that he had not been proved that Steve Biko died as a result of a criminal force by any person. It hadn't been proved, but they reported alongside what had been proved—the way Biko had been treated after his head injury, throwing him into the truck and driving him naked 750 miles. The outrage followed in fact implicitly the conclusion of the attorney-general who was then—again you have the pro-drug—that inside the medical evidence showed that the head injury sustained was sufficient to cause death, the question of how he was treated in the interval between those injuries and his death was irrelevant.

Maschane: I wonder if the democratic process can survive in modern Africa. None of the black leaders seems able to represent or perform a party's aims and objectives.

O'Brien: You don't have to think very long distances as we used to in tropical Africa. The nearest thing to a democracy in Nyerere's Tanzania, where they have a single

party but which single party they have believed, and they do seem to have a reasonable choice between rotation in the party. The style of the thing is also not the classic style.

Maschane: Now would you describe the government of the African states which describes you most favorably?

O'Brien: Tanzania and Zambia are, I suppose the best models of African states which we have. I think they could very easily be

reduced to a single-party state.

Maschane: You suffered your appearance in apartheid.

O'Brien: When I was charged with creating a disturbance and endangering the peace by being anti-apartheid, the prosecution wrote my defense that I was not creating a disturbance. I was preparing to go to the United States, causing a disturbance and endangering the peace. So the judge told me that if I would only keep quiet, he would dismiss the case.

Maschane: weren't you also mugged in New York?

O'Brien: It was an odd little scene. I was late home and I went for a walk in Moorgate Park. I was going along reading from a book or something of that kind and two young black kids grabbed me from behind and two from in front and made gestures of using a knife. If you open up resistance, they took my watch and my wallet and disappeared.

Maschane: Did you do anything about it?

O'Brien: The money wasn't much but I wanted to get my watch back (I could). So I did one of the things I would do now—put a note in my pocket book to the police. A car came up and I told them my identification, they took me to get in the car and we'd take a look, which surprised me. I soon found out what it meant. We drove along through the streets of Holloway. "It is that sort, is it that one, is it that one?"—anybody I had picked would have been charged and convicted on my word. The police officer wanted the book to be denied. And so I lied. "No, no, no," I got inside and inside, with successive implications of one kind or another. I was very glad to be out of that car.

Maschane: You have always argued that British troops should remain in Northern Ireland. But in the wake of Bloody Sunday (January 30, 1972) when 12 unarmed civilians were gunned down by British troops in Derry, you argued that a date be fixed for the eventual withdrawal of British troops from the province.

O'Brien: I have dealt with that in my book *Britain of Ireland*, to which I add that "To a considerable extent I was responding to the prevailing mood of my own listeners" to the point of laying right off the



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actions of the other countries." —
Machover: Is a recent issue of the New Statesman an ominous omen against that you don't care about political freedom because you're afraid of losing your seat in Parliament?

O'Brien: That's an example of hyper-sensitivity. It assumes that one does not have feelings of one's own, that one doesn't respond to the cold-blooded shooting-down of 13 people in which is what happened.

Machover: Are you in favor of capital punishment for terrorists?

O'Brien: I would be opposed to capital punishment for terrorists because I think it is brutalizing and残酷 to civilization. I'm not in favor of amnesties for terrorists either. I'm in favor of their being apprehended given a fair trial, sentenced and made to serve three full sentences.

Machover: You have said that you have done your best to implement a policy of no spending and to upgrade the efficiency of Government agencies.

O'Brien: I believe in one-hundred percent to say much. I have indicated my views on the subject, but I haven't been abiding them every hour on the hour. I do not and do not see the Committee's treatment of veterans and Jews and others in the Soviet Union. I dislike their system of government. But for most people in the West these are pretty well known. That's all I can do for you to get up and beat my breast and say I'm not a Socialist. Who supposes that I am?

Machover: Your last. The United Nations Stated Drama shows that you have a very bad view of the UN. Are you calling for it to play a stronger role in world affairs and leaving everything to geography?

O'Brien: The United Nations is an association of governments irrespective of what type of government they are. And it is extremely important that it remains universal. Sometimes it seems to be trying to break away from that stuff. But this last state should be it is. I think a coalition of the kind of intervention it really can have, which is to be a forum or theatre where a conflict can be availed. It has worked that way—allowing steam to be let off, saving people's faces. Cuba was an obvious example; the Cuban missile crisis was another.

Machover: Let's consider the Stein example.

O'Brien: Britain and France had gone in there under the specious false pretence of separating the combatants and finally with the intention of ploughing Nasser and putting him away for good. Then they found that Uncle Sam would not let them do that, and they had to back away. They found themselves in the winter pressure to get them, and were forced in to do so to get them. They were compelled to do so through very strong, I remember one American influence agent in the Congo.

O'Brien: Few old American influence agents were recruited at that time and said, "They say they cannot get these things out." We have an Arab proverb which says: The man who takes a donkey to the top of a

mountain must still know how to get it down?" What was then set up was very characteristic of a lot of peace-keeping, like the Geneva Conference. Lester Pearson's proposal for the creation of a United Nations peace-keeping force which would go to the area to effect to carry out the purpose for which Britain and France had proceeded to go in. And then Selysi Lloyd was able to get up with great self-confidence and say, "If only the United Nations had done this before we would



No, I do not believe in capital punishment for terrorists; civilization itself is the casualty

have had to go in. Now our nation has been successful, we have obliged the two to rise to the occasion, and the whole thing has been a wonderful success." Well, that's what everybody wanted to happen, even though it did happen in this rather farcical manner. This is the sort of theatre that goes on and is surprisingly effective.

Machover: What is your personal assessment of Dag Hammarskjöld?

O'Brien: He was the greatest secretary-general, there's no doubt about that. But he appeared greater than a secretary-general of the United Nations could really be. The organization does not have that much power and the organization at that time was still dominated, as it is now by, the United States.

O'Brien: Few old American influence agents were recruited at that time and said, "They say they cannot get these things out." We have an Arab proverb which says: The man who takes a donkey to the top of a

mountain must still know how to get it down?" What was then set up was very characteristic of a lot of peace-keeping, like the Geneva Conference. Lester Pearson's proposal for the creation of a United Nations peace-keeping force which would go to the area to effect to carry out the purpose for which Britain and France had proceeded to go in. And then Selysi Lloyd was able to get up with great self-confidence and say, "If only the United Nations had done this before we would

have been a friend to Africa and to Black Americans.

Machover: How did he end up becoming vice-president?

O'Brien: He put the heat on Kasavubu (which had succeeded from the Congo under the leadership of Moise Tshombe). Kasavubu wanted to put the heat on Kasavu himself if the United States so permitted, and he could only do it if they did because they financed the whole blocking operation—and that of course was always concealed from the public. So he sent me out there with the knowledge that I would put the heat on Tshombe. And then, what the heat was on Tshombe and people started screaming in the West they did a deal like this in the State Department and said that the US had overthrown Kasavu.

Machover: How did Washington do that?

O'Brien: From Leopoldville, Hammarkjöld put out a false account of what had happened. We can say that Tshombe and his men were the direction of the US in Leopoldville, who had served warrants for their arrest and sent down in another place a provisional government to take over. That's what they were at, a rather spirited little army going about it.

Machover: Are things over little wrong about it?

O'Brien: Things went wrong to the extent that the British got Tshombe over the border where he kept the war going, and the British Tories screamed. So the State Department decided to step in. And when they said "Step in," Hammarkjöld put out the story that this bill to arrest Tshombe's government had been a purely defensive operation. He said that there had been a fire in a garage, and while US soldiers were putting it out, Tshombe had attacked them. Of course, Tshombe was not at all involved in the war in Tshombe's attempt to regain power and drop the whole thing. And it was for that purpose that Hammarkjöld sent out to go and meet Tshombe in Stanley, Northern Rhodesia which was a frightened expeditionary granted the scene.

Machover: By this time your relationship with Hammarkjöld which had been warm had cooled considerably. What did you decide to do next after experiencing?

O'Brien: I asked permission to pack his flight at Kinshasa in western Kasanga with the intention of preventing him from going on to Ndola and his meeting with Tshombe because of what I saw as the international significance of that, and he said—well a bit cold maybe—that he preferred to settle this matter outside the framework of the UN operation in the Congo at a higher level. If I had gone I would have either dissuaded him or gone on with him, so either we would both be alive or we would both be dead, which is rather a strange thought.

Machover: He was killed when his UN plane crashed in an approached Ndola air port September 18, 1961. ;

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Why must politicians drag this most vital of issues down to their own level?

Column by Léon Dion

Wherever said Canadians were dull. We have invented a unique new pastime: the constitutional game.

The rules are strict, but simple. For our set of players Ottawa and English Canada, the task is to shift short lists of the British North America Act without changing the basic pattern of the board. The opponent, Quebec, has a different objective. Its strategy is to wipe the board clean and then, among many of the pieces in their original position, strategy, on each side mean a devastating show of great change while in quiet but bold moves claim a majority status quo. What makes this game special is that it is rapidly becoming the most boring and futile exercise of the century.

Why does a game that once stirred so exciting new perspectives such dismal interest? Because, after 17 months of stalemate, the fight has yet to start. Once it does, it will be embarrassingly long and above all, it will be easily bypassed by traditionalists. Right from the very moment of the Parti Québécois victory, the really important issues of Canada's future were bypassed by the federal and provincial political parties who all gleefully noted the situation would serve their electoral needs. The result? A year of health was wasted in the frantic rush to make quick political points. None of us can seriously attempt to rebuild a country when political leaders pretend the crisis is a mere invention of the Parti Québécois. If it were, the salami would be to chop the government party in Quebec and everything would return to normal, no better, no worse.

On at least one point the Parti Québécois and the English-Canadian government agree: the need to build a political and the real constitutional crisis will not be created under the Parti Québécois' terms of proposed referendum and goes to to win the next election. So while virtually no one concurs the constitutional importance of the constitutionalism, their tactic is down to another, lower level: party political patronage. Federal Liberals are expert at playing the game at exploiting the situation to collect political support they are not alone. Every federal and provincial party has had this little sleight of hand

The strategies of the players are as finely designed as no-one is foolish. No wonder the constitutional game is so barren of passion—and such a waste of time. The real game is happening on another battlefield and it is not that federal martyrs are now drawn. Not only has the constitutional issue become boring, it is being imposed more and more as a constraint. And the real fighting for at least four reasons. Firstly the players are so convinced the real fun is at the crass political level that

meaning from the debate by limiting its talk of constitution to administrative decentralization, reorganization of the provinces into five regions or reallocation of provincial powers, none of them move likely to satisfy the other society determined to gain nothing less than perfect equality. The constitutional game played by English-Canada has little to do with the much wider way in Quebec, even outside Parti Québécois circles.

The third flaw in this display of futility is that the players cannot even agree on the ground rules of the game. Quebec insists that play be done on one-on-one against Canadian governments, provincial governments—while the other provinces each want to play independently, outwitting Quebec. Next can be persuaded to accept the condition of an opponent before joining the political battle. This results in that neither Quebec nor the federal and other provincial governments will begin their constitutional negotiations and the knife is at their throats.

Finally, even if a new constitution is out in exactly the way Quebec wants, it would take a disaster to expect that the great cause of conflict between Canadians would evaporate on the warmth of goodwill. Those causes are persistent: Quebec's dependence and attachment to Canada; and the decline of Montreal's influence in a linguistic and economic community; class antagonisms and ethnic minorities. A new constitution, even one that satisfies all the demands of the Parti Québécois, could at the very best solve some of these social and economic problems. Others would be reached at all.

Enthusiasm is missing from this game and it's because the players already know the outcome won't solve all the problems of their constituents. So, for the time being, they allow it to distract from the real of elected politics they can cope with easily by declining to pay the price of concessions. The players expect not only the vicissitudes they have of each other, they also prove that when the crunch comes political opportunism overrules general claims of good faith.

Secondly, almost forced by the outcome of political fights, English Canada will insist on review of the constitution to ensure that scarcely answer the expectations of Quebec. English Canada is playing all



Léon Dion, University professor. Like others on Quebec's best non-political columnists

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Letters

Newton's First Law of Metaphysics

I was quite surprised to see the article, "The *Architect Factor*" (March 20). It is indeed true to give credit where credit is due. It is worth noting the thoughts of Isaac Newton

maker, yet you prefer to believe that the great original finds which the design is taken from are truly being without either designer or maker. Now tell me by what sort of reasoning do you reach such an incongruous conclusion? No one would have had a better

G. WAYNE FORD ST. LEONARD QUARTER

More of the same

The April 3 issue of *Maclean's* devotes some 24 pages to Prime Trudeau and his wife. I feel the articles are well researched, but they don't tell me anything new.

R. MULKUSKY WOLVERINE, MI

In the article "Sleeping on a Star" (April 3) Barbara Amiel is lauded—Margaret Trudeau is Canada's "first lady." The wife of the prime minister is not this country's first lady. Canada's first lady is the wife of the Governor-General.

MARGUERITE HENRY VICTORIA, BC

The eye of the beholder

I found it hard to believe what I was reading in your article on the fifth issue, "The *New's* Bad News" (April 3). There always seemed Adrienne Clarkson to be a calm, cool, well-grounded and analytical interviewer, contrary to the comment made by Gerald McRory that "she wants to be loved by the people she interviews." Furthermore, I feel that all the talk about the fifth anniversary of her marriage to the Governor-General is absurd. "She now thinks that I am a fool. Of course somebody must it, and he is a genius..." Newton said. "The thing is that a pure intuition of a much greater system is...and I am not able to convince you that this must say it without a diagram and a

marker, yet you prefer to believe that the great original finds which the design is taken from are truly being without either designer or maker. Now tell me by what sort of reasoning do you reach such an incongruous conclusion? No one would have had a better

HERBERT PARSONS MD, FORENSIC MEDICINE
UNIT ALBERTA HOSPITAL, EDMONTON

A message on the sun
I find it rather depressing remark was made concerning Mayer Jean Dragone of Montreal in Robert Lecat's profile of Pierre Trudeau, *Getting Now From There* (April 3). He says "...on election eve, 1968... Trudeau defied the bottle throwers from his porch overlooking the St. James-Bishop parade... no other dignitaries including Mayer Jean Dragone escaped from the reviving crowd." Dragone did, in fact, leave the stand with his wife, whom he left at the rear of the stand, then returned to stand his ground beside Trudeau.

JOHNNIE PARKER VAN GUARD, ONTARIO

By this decree should we know them?

After reading your article, "Gaily—Or Not—By Arrow of Psychometry" (March 20), I feel the real issue is whether an intelli-

gent person should be allowed to subscribe to *Maclean's*. Send me 25 issues for \$8.75 (US\$4.75, outside Canada). Please return my I enclose \$

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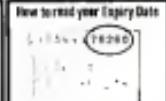
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Proper cycling shoes have very stiff soles to spread pedalling pressure over your whole foot and avoid foot ache.

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7. In its case, the rechargeable batteries power the P10-B for one hour, if necessary.

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Calculator, camera, copier



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The Canon P10-B will earn its keep in calculations, including the new Penmanship IC Quartz, a minicomputer that's calculator, clock, stopwatch and game in one. What else would you expect from Canon?

(March 28, I felt I must share the Alberta Association's point of view concerning the current rate of dues I am part of a fast-paced commercial rock band. Far from being "typical" rock musicians whatever they say is, we do not use excessive vulgarity or obscene language on stage. We try always to be congenial to the local and whether we may be, and generally have very good relations with our employees. We are also very concerned about the tremendous lack of employment in our province, due mainly to the dues.

ROBERT CUTTILL, ENGLAND

Consider Information

In her review of Nikolai Tolstoy's book, *Picture of Baba* (Book, April 3) Barbara Amiel depicts British people as suspicious and unwilling to forgive. I feel, however, that could be said of all people everywhere, especially in time of war, though Amiel would have believed otherwise in a previously British life.

ROBIN KELD, DARTMOUTH, NS

One of our Publishing Policies is Missing

Reading Marianne Richter's column on the conference on Canadian novels in Calgary—*A's a Good House* (March 20)—was no more exciting than the conference itself. While no one can object to market research, one can object to the fact that such a conference is always referred to as "Canadian Canadian." It was not merely English Canadian, but also perhaps I was most angry by the cynical belief concerning that the literature and culture of French Canada may be recognized, but only English of the 700 "Significant Canadian novels" are francophone. The conference was indeed a circus, but was it "quintessentially Canadian" or just another bit of Hegelianism on the Prairies?

D. BLISSETT

DEPT. OF COMPARATIVE LITERATURE
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, EDMONTON

An Good a place to start? Any

In Ed Figueres' letter (March 24) on Martti Ahtisaari's government in India, Arturo Gonzales seems to believe that multinational corporations are unassisted blighting Global corporations maximize global profits, and in this process the interests of the developing countries often suffer. It is interesting to note that countries such as India should take steps to ensure that the expansion of their industries are beneficial to their domestic economies. Increasing the growth of population and slanted consumption are both essential to India's development. A radical transformation of the existing paradigm is what the poor last, least of all disrupt and appropriate to that hope and justice, is essential to make them want to have another families and to want to improve the drink hand.

K. J. CHARLIE, PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS
LAKEHEAD UNIVERSITY
THUNDER BAY, ONT

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Okay, but why is Paul in his bone head?
If my 14-year-old daughter and her classmates see my indication, the "Beatlemania revival" mentioned in your People section (April 30) has run its course. She has been doing a study case of all press, including magazine, for about two years and she is a walking resource of Beatles trivia. Furthermore, my son and his friends (two girls and one all, are 11- and 12-year-olds).

J. R. TOTHON TORONTO

Not to mention "Totalyrics Superior"

I expect that books of George will follow Alton Fisher's book on the Beatles moment of caring in *If These Trees Could Sing: The Beatles On... Can't Buy Me Love* (April 27). My own book was out of print. If the square continue to hold may over television speculating, how long will it be before we are treated to the blood-cupping equivalent of *Escape Night In Canada?*"

ARTHUR S. SAMUELS MONTREAL

He has seen the future and it is grim

Macdonald's bold indexing is a bit of a lark in *The Future Will Not Be Taking Care Of Itself* (March 20) by quoting the most extreme one guru of the price minister's position (\$100,000 annually by age 85) and then by quoting the Public Service Alliance's position that by 2002, at the same rate, a loaf of bread would cost \$105.56. I feel that in the next few years the public and private sectors have made themselves immune from the ravages of inflation. Ironically it is the government's fleet that is finally on the inflation accelerator. The National Citizens Coalition could apply an increase tax of \$15,000 annually less the current inflation rate of ten years if they also agreed to pay for the cost of their own pension indexing.

COLIN M. BROWN PRESIDENT
NATIONAL CITIZENS COALITION TORONTO

The whole thing in a nutshell

Please do sue Michael and David Thomas for the *Reformation Debate column*, *If You Still Don't Believe The Messiah Is The Message, Tell To Know Leviathan* (March 20). Among all the muddled and maddening statements have been expressed about the causes of Quebec's civil rights charter the media, Thomas' clear thinking stands like a beacon.

WILLIAM THORSTON KENMURE BC

That's right—Policy did it all for free

Your article on Rush, *To Hell With Bob Dylan* (January 23), seems to present the idea that Canada now has a band that will do something for our music industry. I, however, do not feel that Rush is "a whole new generation of rock music." If so, where were there weren't more Dylans? We should be promoting Canadian bands who are doing something for our social conscience rather than for their own pocket.

J. MCCOWELL KEMPSTON ONT



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Bobby, may hardly know you

I found your interview with Bob Dylan (March 28) very interesting so that I obtained new insights into the songwriter. I felt as if I had been given a peek at his newspaper. I was angered, however, by the sexual allusions to Dylan's database extravaganza. His answers were intriguing and sometimes puzzling but I was always able to decipher them. He's an artist and new visions can and usually do emerge with each study of his art.

DONALD GATINEAU, MANITOBA, ONT

How the West won't work

Although I've made several trips to Alberta, it has been some other provinces that have taught me more. Take up there, there's a story about how mining, hard drinking, gold-dust-hoover-famine, buying,



or cowboy yahoo who are somehow supposed to be representative of the province and its people. This kind of view of Alberta is as lopsided and inaccurate as one that would try to portray all residents of southern Ontario as flood-watching environmentalists dressed in three-piece suit and Green Beliefs. These stories say much more about the sensibility of Albertans than they do about the nature of Alberta and of Albertans.

TERENCE HARDING, VANCOUVER

Breathe there's a east west road on the hill... I enjoyed John Macmillan's column, *Simple Report: How I Keep This Nurse Together*.

(March 6) I think that more of a patriotic willingness to serve her in the honor of Canada than a many of our commentators and politicians are aware.

REH A. MACPHERSON, PORT CREDIT, ONT

The solution to Canada's problems has escaped greater minds than mine, and has been overlooked for its very simplicity. Let there be no anglophones or francophones or hyphenated immigrants. By birth or choice we are all Canadians.

ROBERT LANTERY, VANCOUVER

Come browse. As you travel about our province, you'll find craft shops displaying their home knits, handwoven wall plaques, sandshell and labradorite jewelry. And at Benoit's Cove, these pretty roadside vendors will help you.



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Editor of *Travel Guide to Newfoundland*,
Co-author of *Discover Newfoundland*,
16 St. John's, Newfoundland,
Canada A1C 5B5

THE HONDA PHILOSOPHY MAKES MORE SENSE WITH EACH PASSING YEAR.

Lending automotive writers have variously referred to the Honda Civic as "a revolution on wheels," "an almost mystical experience," "the perfect antidote to the gasoline shortage and runaway prices."

The success of this car can only be termed a phenomenon. But all this did not just happen.

The philosophy behind this remarkable automobile determined that we should re-think the automobile and design a car that would make sense for the changing times and the changing attitudes towards transportation.

The resulting car has made so much sense that the Honda has, in less than 4 years, become the best selling small car in Canada.

Highway Sense.

Drivers of some small cars tend to get white-knuckled when cross-winds gust against the car or they pass a truck they expect to turn correctly to be blown off course.

The engineering design of the Civic, on the other hand, has given this car astonishing road handling and stability. The Honda Civic has a low center of gravity and comes with fully independent McPherson strut suspension on all 4 wheels. This is especially appreciated in hard turns on rough, pot-holed roads where tire contact is always maintained with the road surface.

The Honda Civic is a front wheel drive vehicle so the engine weight is over the drive wheels, providing superior traction and more positive handling, even on slippery surfaces. The steering is precision rack and pinion which provides superb road feel and positive response and control.

The rugged transverse Civic engine develops up to 70 hp giving its owners delightful performance.

Maintenance Sense.

One of the Honda Civic design features is that just about everything that needs periodic service or could conceivably require repair can be got at simply by lifting the hood.

Which means service is quick and inexpensive to do.

There are Honda Dealers virtually everywhere in Canada and their service people understand every nut and bolt on a car that is, by design, easy to maintain. Honda owners don't get to see much of those service people. But when the time comes, they know they can count on Honda quality service and all the care that goes with it.

Gas Sense.

In a world of shrinking fuel resources, with consequently increasing fuel prices, for a car to make sense, it must also make a lot of miles on a gallon of gas.

The mileage a Honda gives you has become legendary. "In fact, at 60 km per gal. (6.0 mpg) highway and 65 km per gal. (40.6 mpg) city, and a combined figure of 72 km per gal. (14.4 mpg), a Honda can take you about twice as far as most other cars on the same amount of gas."

(And as it uses regular gas, you save again.)

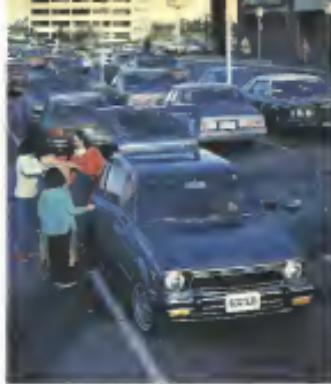
So as gas prices continue to rise, your transportation costs remain sensible.

Space Sense.

An international automotive authority once referred to the space utilization of the Honda Civic as "marvelous." And indeed, the Civic interior provides an astonishing amount of space and comfort for a car in its size range.

It was designed to keep 4 people in relaxed comfort on longer trips as well as around town. The Honda Civic is fully carpeted throughout. It features fully reclining bucket seats, a 3-speed heater and Floor-Through ventilation. It has a rear subframe, tinted window glass all around. And a remarkable amount of rear leg, head and shoulder room.

When you want to carry things instead of people, fold the rear seat forward in the Hatchback and you have an impressive amount of load capacity. Even more so in the roomy Civic Station Wagon.



Driving Sense.

When Honda designers and engineers set about to re-think the automobile, there is one thought they never put aside: when all else is said and done, a car should still be downright good fun to drive. So even though the Honda is in the small car class, innovative design and engineering have given it a controlled and responsive performance that continues to delight Honda owners everywhere.

When you test drive a Honda (and we hope you will), remember it was made to be driven and not codified. And you will experience the certain joy that only a car of excellent design can bring.

And when you come back with a smile on your face, don't say we didn't warn you.



Put a smile on your face. Drive a Honda.

The 1981 Honda Civic city is 4.602 ft. long. Honda Civic Hatchback, equipped with the standard 4-speed transmission, has a standard 5-year, 50,000-mile limited warranty. Standard 5-year, 50,000-mile limited warranty does not cover normal maintenance items such as oil changes, tire rotation, and tune-ups. Extended warranties are available. Consult your dealer for details.

Preview

Carry On Spying



Adams: the assimilation of a spy

When Ian Adams published *S. Person*, a Spy last year, the spooks hit the fan. The man in *clf*, dealing with the Canadian security service in the 1960s, was suddenly found to fact that one former RCMP officer is currently using the author for libel, even though he is not normally identified by name in the book. *S.* has sold respectably — 15,000 in hardback in Canada — and the paperback version should be out in a few months, as well, a film deal is being negotiated. A sequel is also in the works, to wit: Adams' regenerator. With the working title *For the Security of the State*, the book deals with Canadian security from 1968 through 1975; he expects to have it finished by the end of the year. "Another thriller anchored in fact," he calls it, "about politics, corruption and the manipulation of legitimate political dissent by both national and international intelligence organizations."

A nice place to visit? Stay tuned

If true patriots' love hasn't made vacationing in Canada a desirable proposition, the staggering dollar has—at least for most people. (In private meetings, some members of his cause

not and the opposition leader excepted, of course). The problem is: Where do you go in this country that's amenable, affordable and accessible, and where the food is edible? The cbc's national radio show,

Merryngdale, is going to try to find out, in May host Dan Harmon will be asking listeners to share their favorite spots—the ones not in the guidebooks. In June, the show will do stories on those places, and by fall, a guidebook will be made available. It's highly unlikely, but maybe we will find out there's no place like home.

Gram's game forever

Nearly three years ago, in Sydney, Australia, Marlene Dietrich fell ill and broke one of her Lloyd's-of-London-insured legs. That was supposed to be the end of her remarkable show-business career, which had begun in her native Germany in 1923. However, at 77, Dietrich is about to make a hinge come back with a two-week stint in San Francisco in mid-May. Needless to say, she looks great—as befits one who is a great-grandmother.

Bistrick, 70-plus
shallot with her

gratin



Fleeting days of the condor

Add to the list of probably-soon-to-be-extinct wildlife the magnificent California condor, the largest bird (average wingspan: nine feet) in North America and one of the largest in the world. There are only about 40 condors left down '78 from a decade ago, and John Borrenes, the Audubon Society's condor expert is saying, "The way things are going now, the condor has no chance for survival." But one last-ditch effort, supported by no less than President Jimmy Carter, is about to go into operation. This involves capturing these condors to go with the ones already in zoos, breeding them, and releasing them. There is a bit of a problem here too, because for some reason it is almost impossible to tell males from females without long observation in the wild, or surgery—which would account for the low birth rate (only one chick made it last year) if condors themselves have the same problem.

Erratum: Maclean's regrets that the caption on pages 53 and 57, on the article *Take a Giant Step*, have been reversed.



One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted.

Canada

The men who would be kingmaker

They pack their suitcases as frequently as gondoliers at most people's baths these days. The opinion poll, the telephone and the airplane are essential tools in their secret trade. They travel a few wads of blue smoke, counterintelligence and intrigue.

To achieve their goals they would, not, in Shakespeare's phrase, "censurement God"—but they play fast with his principles. Their darkest secrets, which are plentiful, are reserved with their hosts in an arena of supreme egos. The kingmakers they aim to enthrone and/or be enthroned.

They are the backroom boys who plot

the outcome of elections, who decide

the election, strings Keith

Ducey, 52, for the Liberals; Lowell Mar-

ry, 41, for the Progressive Conservatives;

Robert Scott, 27, for the New Democratic Party. They are locked in combat, yet they share a strong brotherhood—if those have royal bloodguards but distrust the press, their power flows from access to one man—other leaders—not recognition in the nation. Over the hyperactive months leading up to the election, René Lévesque, Joe Clark and Ed Broadbent have made few major moves without consulting their campaign managers. In general what Canadians see on their television screens was created by the backroom boys.

Ducey's single-minded mission since Trudeau's named him campaign codename man with Marc Lalonde has been to deliver at least 70 seats to English Canada which, on a mid-term projection, the Liberals seem in Quebec, would snuff another Trudeau majority in the expanded, 282-seat House. In fact that price is too high for Ducey. To woo University of Montreal President Jean Evans, they fly him over on a taxpayer-financed trip to Washington this year with Trudeau for his meeting with Jimmy Carter. Then they maneuvered a brief patching-up of Evans by appealing him to the same tax-free Aad finally Ducey engineered a surprise appearance by Trudeau last month at Evans' retirement dinner in Toronto—Rideau where he will appoint Major David Crotcher.

In St. Boniface Manitoba, after Ducey's poll showed that the Liberals could lose, hideously embarrassed Joe Guy was promptly dispatched to a Senate recess while Ducey launched an emergency search for a candidate with a woman's look. In Newfoundland, where fraud charges threaten one sitting Liberal, the Grits opened up a possible compensatory victory by naming incumbent Tony Jack Marshall to the upper house of Scott's province.

Lowell Mervin's machetes have been de-

voted to razing Clark's personal stock



which sagged dramatically in the wake of René Lévesque's election in Quebec. Without a Senate to pack, Harry learned on a mid-migration. He orchestrated Clark's age-boozing meeting with fellow senior Tory critics in Kingston last September, insisting on drinking the communion



Ducey (left) and the man he's selling, a little pressure here, a little push there

right on aboriginal rights in advance to preclude any last-minute disputes. He persuaded Clark to replace his alienated look with a more sober, hammy, and shrewd with Clark the drafting of a toughly worded statement on national unity that avoided the government's bilingual policy. When former leader Robert Stanfield proposed an attack on John Diefenbaker, who continually taunts Clark in public, the Tory leader urged him to hold off. After ego Murray, however, made sure that Stanfield delivered the blow anyway.

Ruthie Soukup, less of a one-man show, the star campaigner at a collective on tap. As the big ping-a-pong necessary,

Wiegler (left), Broadbent and Scott's self may be a repugnant word, but wait they result



The third man in the ring

When the cheering, chanting and flag-waving at the Quebec Coliseum had subsided into memory last month, it was clear that the presence of Claude Ryan had totally altered the theatre of Canadian politics. From the beginning of his successful campaign against Raymond Gagnon for the Quebec Liberal leadership, Ryan's metamorphosis from publisher to politician had already caused considerable effect in Quebec. It coincided with—and probably contributed to—a dip in popularity of the Paul Martin government. More important, people now know who will be leading the opposition if the Liberals win the next election.

Certainly, for the first time since November 15, 1976, René Lévesque has an opponent of his own stripes. So does Pierre Elliott Trudeau. Ryan has been equally critical of both men over the years, and already he has forced Trudeau to admit that Quebec nationalism can be a positive issue: "There is some good nationalism and there is some bad nationalism, and I'm prepared to make these distinctions." The mutual fit Mount Royal constituents late last month: "So God bless good nationalism—but God help us from bad nationalism." Given the bitterness that existed between the two men during the October Crisis in 1970, Trudeau's concession was especially noteworthy.

The conflicts involve more than mere personality differences. Ryan's victory will almost certainly mean a return to the kind of egoistic demands for greater powers that characterized Jean Lesage's Liberals in the 1960s—demands that Trudeau rejected in favor of a more rigid federalism. And then there's the ideological split between the two. While Lévesque apparently cherishes some ambivalence for Quebec's potential independence and economic separation, Ryan's victory over the anti-nationalist, free-enterpreneur Gérard Lévesque raises the Liberal party's commitment to the kind of Quebec nationalization that former premier Robert Bourassa abhorred. Gérard Lévesque wanted to reject it because a leader who also espoused serious doubts about the party's move toward right-wing, free-market economics dominated last November's provincial convention.

English Canadians who repute that Lévesque now has a vigorous opponent should not have any illusions that Ryan—or Quebec—will be easier to deal with if Ryan becomes prime minister. He is stubborn, strong-willed, complex man who can be, in turn, assertive and vain, gracious and unforgiving, studiously rational and suddenly unpredictable.

More than before the April 15 results were announced, a young French reporter posted into the family haze of Mel-



Ryan and wife Madeleine presiding over a news conference.

veline lights with Gérard Lévesque and René Lévesque. His mix of white ignorance and self-righteousness, his lack of political experience and economic association, Ryan's victory over the anti-nationalist, free-enterpreneur Gérard Lévesque raises the Liberal party's commitment to the kind of Quebec nationalization that former premier Robert Bourassa abhorred. Gérard Lévesque wanted to reject it because a leader who also espoused serious doubts about the party's move toward right-wing, free-market economics dominated last November's provincial convention.

"He has an image of maturity, strength, stability, serenity and continuity," observed Michel Robert, a Montreal lawyer who has actively persuading Ryan to run and in helping him run. People are looking for a new stability and a new moral leadership. They believe they had found it with Lévesque, and they were disappointed. His offensive style, his lack of political maturity, his lack of restraint, his want of respectability, his lack of seriousness... However, it was clear that for diversity and reconciliation with the French, Lévesque was not at the top of Ryan's list of priorities. Some of the Gagnon campaign's tactics had influenced Ryan (one message to delegates called him a cartoon copy of Lévesque and a park Merle) and his anger had obviously not subsided.

His campaign was also all the more obvious when Gagnon, despite some of the more pre-convention tactics of his organization, succeeded in performing at the convention with impressive dignity and grace. In contrast, Ryan was highly connived with his defeated opponent, even going so far as to question whether Gagnon would continue as the Liberals' finance critic (after some humiliating hints were put about that he might not). Gagnon did get the job of criticizing the oil budget.

Gagnon has consistently denied suggestions that he might enter federal politics were he to be defeated. However he emerged from the convention with his reputation enhanced, and the possibility remains. Ryan seems unlikely to make efforts to retain him, and Gagnon could gain no comfort from the recognition that the last time Ryan won a federal election, he lost it to a member of Le Dénier in 1984—the loser, Jean-Marc Léger, soon left the paper *CHARISMA*.

Seans concentrates on the pool media circuit and on ad-hoc interview requests, both such as copyists and election lawyers. Because of Sean's tenacity, Blood has developed hard-hall strategy by commissioning a number of acclaimed players, including his staff director Mary Whipple, his research guru Marc Fleissner and ex-senator Terry Gruet, director of a Alberta Polytechnic Institute in Toronto.

Sean has been instrumental in overseeing development of the most extensive TV commercial package in the party's history. He has a new agency in Toronto, Lawrence Wolf Canada Ltd., and recruited as the party's creative director 31-year-old Mary Lynn Durant, an ex-Young & Rubicam writer who developed the slogan credit card spot for Master Charge. Because of increased contributions under the new Elections Act, which allows a tax credit of \$75 on \$100, for the first time the SPC now can afford to package their leaders, too.

With Trudeau the ultimate master of the election's timing, Duray resigned as private presser of the keepers. It was a role he played during prime ministership of Lester Pearson in the 1960s. But after Pearson named him to the Senate, Duray was bypassed in 1968 by Trudeau's technicians and made redundant. Only after Trudeau's retirement in 1972, after which he served the philosophical kingpin of the party, and Duray returned to the task of his calling, did the party seem the country. Trudeau seemed to have no network of institutional Liberal partners to bring him to power.

The time out Duray plans to research his successful "leadership" strategy that preceded Trudeau's majority government in 1968. Trudeau will be gone, though in his half-loop, as the fearless on-his-own who can't be blamed for the economic mess. Lesser party pols, however, have caused palpitations in senior Liberal circles. Re-particularise Trudeau's personal standing may have started a shake in metropolitan Toronto. Fern classic Higgins dismisses Duray as "a shrinking newsie" and it is the only where he made his start in the party's back room as a gatekeeper. He was an active campus Grouse at the University of Toronto in the 1960s with an eye for the girls in frocks when then—he once packed a campus P, meeting with Liberal students and passed a resolution defining the word "Progressive" from the party's name.

Louise Murray came to the Tory trenches with her husband and partner. She grew up in the gritty Côte Brûlée section of New Waterford, the old city of eight children. He needs being rechristened as a youth when he suggested to his father, a strict supervisor. But he was a CEO of "In New Waterford," says Murray, "you were a Conservative" the same way you were a Catholic. She's Franco-Xavier University in Antigonish. Murray plunged into the thick of the action. He was a vice-chairman of the Labour and Labor who made campaign history by becoming the first

Chark at a Conservative garage with wife Marlene, former leadership opponent Brian Mulroney, and Jim Cadzow, wife of the latter's opponent. If he looks overwhelmed party support, Murray (below) does not.



Top: premier elected to the stock parliament. After graduation in 1956 he wrote and delivered news on Sydney's own television and supervised political broadcasts. Local Liberals always claimed Murray spewed off the telephone. Yet when they sat down in front of the cameras

Became

Tory when he was 24 and the next year became executive assistant to his political mentor, Dave Fulton, who was then Newfoundland's minister of justice. When Fulton moved to public works and had to make spending cuts in the Diefenbaker austerity program, Murray, gleefully, listed many of projects eliminated or delayed held by the opposition Liberals.

When Fulton left the Tory leadership, Murray moved on as chief of staff to Stanfield along with young Joe Clark, who became a research assistant. After Stanfield accepted down, Murray served as executive prior to New Brunswick Premier Richard Heddle. Murray was working on in as a public administrator at Queen's when Clark asked him to come to Ottawa to be godfather to his daughter, Kathleen, then loaned on an reluctant Murray to take over the campaign.

At the time Clark was in a real jam. His stock in the polls was low, his party was really falling apart. He was in much trouble behind the scenes. Murray has managed to turn much of that situation around. Dalton Camp, who recruited the job, says Clark's campaign manager noted: "Lewell was the best, if not the only common denominator for Clark. He will say that there are a lot of ranking Conservatives who are not enthusiastically committed to the cause. But the word around is that they'll do anything."

Murray has hard-edge ready repartee, the kind of comebacks Clark will hear in his—say—a far more than square-jawed, hangs the problems of national unity and the economy around Trudeau's neck. Murray's bright face reflects, at the very thought of looking Pierre Trudeau in the face. "The fact is," says Murray, "he's a son of a gun and should be exposed."

Murray, however, has some formidable

there goes bush in the opening weeks. Murray plans to reduce Clark's Quebec travelling and to concentrate his energies on English Canada. The mons could backfire, however, if anglos demand the to make spending cuts in the Diefenbaker austerity program. Murray, gleefully, listed many of projects eliminated or delayed held by the opposition Liberals.

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Compared to the gregarious Duray and Murray, Sean is a severe young man for his years, and despite a somewhat odd past as a college dropout and back-to-the-land farmer in the early '70s, he had the earliest start in electoral politics. As a seven-year-old he recalls dressing up as a leaflet in B.C. for his godfather, Colin Campbell, the late CCPW-er pragmatist who served in the Commons for 13 years.

After several campaign local readings, Sean arrived at the national office in 1973 as assistant to then federal secretary Cliff Seans. He also has worked as an editor for *Citytv* in Toronto. In office he has concentrated on expanding the young staff of housekeeping workers, with unusual emphasis

on organizing the women's vote for the party.

Like Duray and Murray, although more than both, Sean is a prominent member of his party's left wing. While the two old pros still considerly proactive about the revolution, their present focus seems in a position of old-time May Day. "What's the state of the war now?" "Mum," he replies. His pronounced idea of war

page 252.

Blister of course, in the campaign manager's stock weapon. Only that, and a gravous sense of humor, can save off mudflaps in the picture-packed 60 days of the campaign. It is a job that requires elements of aphasia, walking, punctilious jumping and strict decorum. That is probably the reason that the two members of the fox have a grudging admiration for one another. As Murray says of Duray, "I like Keith. I suppose it has because he's a party one. Besides, we keep running into each other in airports."

RUMBLETONS

That's gratitude for you

This message can be an outstanding example of federal provincial fiscal co-operation (and I want to express my deep appreciation for the operation I have seen in your provincial colleagues)—Premier Minister Jean Chretien.

On budget night last month, Jean Chretien's proposal to give provinces equal status with federal subsidies seemed to have everything going for it. For the economy, it meant a quick shot in the arm first, a cut in personal income taxes or federal subsidies could not match. For the government, it meant a full share of political credit at two-thirds the cost, with the provinces picking up the rest of the tab. But after the opening-night kudar, the scheme abruptly rebounded on October 1.

From Quebec Premier René Lévesque's "nope" and suggestion he would not go along with it, Chretien was able to shrug that reaction off as an example of

separatist grandstanding and to point out that, with all the other provinces in agreement, Quebec was out of step. But then the four Western premiers and they were "sharply critical of the unilateral and unilateral way in which it had been put forward." After that, the opposition Ontario premier, Mike Harris, "offered the leadership to him in Ottawa and the government for barging into provincial fisheries. Even some bush-league Liberal MPs from Quebec sounded off against the finance minister. Suddenly, Chretien seemed quite alone. Remarkable Conservative leader Jim Clark. "We have a situation here where the opposition is wrong, the premier of Quebec is wrong and the provincial [the four Western premiers] are wrong. Nobody is right except poor little Jim Chretien. Isn't that an amazing situation?"

Clark had a right to feel hard done by. The sales tax proposal after all, was originated by Ontario's government, not him. It was pilfered by Ontario Treasurer Darcy McKenna at a federal-provincial meeting last October, but Chretien decided to try a \$300 income tax cut instead. By Friday, it was apparent that, with growth lagging in both Canada and the United States, the economy needed more stimulus and cuts in federal subsidies offered no quick fix. And, for Ontario, the changes to the province's Ontario, of course, endorsed it, and McKenna helped Chretien persuade the others. The Atlantic provinces, which are to be fully numbered for the cut of cutting their taxes were along British Columbia, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, also agreed, although they grumbled that the chief beneficiary would be Prince Edward Island. Chretien

also agreed, although they grumbled that the chief beneficiary would be Prince Edward Island. Chretien

Chretien, what's a guy gotta do, anyway?

Chretien, what's a guy gotta do, anyway?



Portman: a glib talker.

ads, which practices most of the manufactured goods subject to provincial sales tax. The position of oil-rich Alberta was sensible because it has no sales tax.

Quebec, however, was an enigma. Chretien and McKenna dined with Quebec Premier Maurice Duplessis. But after Duplessis' death, his minister of finance, after Easter, told Portman he wanted him to leave. Portman was non-committal. Only after Chretien produced his budget did Portman announce his plan: abolition of sales tax on clothing, shoes and furniture—all items in which Quebec specializes.

Although Portman says he did not know his plan with Chretien and McKenna at dinner because he had not yet decided what to do, Chretien believes he was set up. Regardless, Chretien felt he could not endorse Portman's plan without risking the collapse of his own proposal. Thus Chretien told Portman to cut himself down to size, as the other provinces had done, or forget about Ontario's subsidy.

A week after the federal budget was brought down, however, folks remained be-

laxed. Ontario and Quebec, and a compromise seemed inevitable. Quebec stood to lose \$185 million in subsidies of its oil if its plan stood. But, as Portman gleefully pointed out, Ottawa stood to lose votes in Quebec, where public opinion was running strongly against it on the issue. It did not give in.

The whole episode underlined the awkward position the federal government is in as it tries to grapple with the economy. Ottawa is responsible for managing the national treasury. But provinces have their own budgets, have power in such areas that they now account for about 60 per cent of the taxes in the country. A federal cut-off just does not have the same resonance here

—SARAH GROTHUS

TORONTO

A not-so-brilliant deduction
Sales is the railway department of his law office in Toronto, the young East Indian is wearing a soiled pair of overalls and a quizzical expression. "The tax department told me the money I sent to my parents was not tax," he says. The expression changes to something like him, "that's not true, and I get roughed

Still a few bugs in the eco-system

Alex Campbell has long been proud of Prince Edward Island's leadership and prowess in the field of renewable-energy research, pointing toward the Institute of Man and Resources, provincially funded and run by Liberal campaign strategist Andy Wells. But now there is trouble in Ecological Ark, the Ark's biggest bio-shelter project in North America, and it's all due to lack of funds. And while it did not become an issue in the April 24 provincial election, it was certainly an embarrassment to Campbell's Liberal government.

The Ark has been run by the New Alchemy Institute of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, notably by Dr. John Todd, who is also watching over other Ark-type projects in the world. In March, however, amid reportedly dire financial difficulties, management of the project, which was set up to study the application of solar, wind, greenhouse and aquaculture technology, Todd and Wells jointly announced that the Ark would be taken over by the Institute of Man and Resources. Todd and his New Alchemists will be available as advisers and consultants.

As it turns out, problems at the Ark were not caused just by the cash-strapped group, which was overseen in principle by the federal-provincial Management Committee last month. Dr. Harry Swain, technical co-chairman of the committee which administered the three-year, \$280,000 federal grant to the project, makes it clear that the Ark is short on money, less money is bound to supplement it in the remaining two years. At the moment, Seven is knocking on Ottawa doors trying to find

Wells, Campbell and Todd, with the Ark deficit,何况 even if it's in day

some government department that can keep the ship from going down. "If this were a man-made research project done by guys in suits and names like, he claims, 'funds would be easier to come up with.'

While most operating research projects deal in intrinsic desperation, the unconventional Ark works on science projects at once: the 180-acre site donated by the province, includes living quarters for U.S.-born live-in scientist Nancy Wells and her two children, aquaculture installations, a greenhouse, a windmill, a solar component, and a number of part-time or temporary scientists and researchers, mostly American, working in and out of the premises on various related projects. Swain calls it "a recipe for scientific disaster," because if funds dwindle, whole areas of research must be scrapped. The most important component of a successful research project is a published report of findings. This has almost totally ignored because there was no one available to write it. There is nothing fundamentally wrong," says Swain.

Just need workers and we're basing a problem paying the going rate for good people."

One of the most important remnants of the Ark, public relations and information, left the Ark's website during the last official year of its operation, something that did little to endear the scientists from away to outsiders who were led to get a look at what was being done there. Wells maintains that if she and her colleagues are to function as scientists, they must have peace and privacy in which to work. She invites visitors to Sunday shantytowns—and even invites them with evident reluctance. People who telephone her are sternly warned that if they get stuck in the long, usually late loading to the Ark, they can count only on their own devices to escape.

RENE GROTHUS



from the spent, but the government says they're useless." The anxious Indian has been in Canada five years, in working class and has just received a copy letter from Revenue Canada telling him he must pay \$1,600 in back taxes and penalties.

It's a small sum, but one that has multiplied across the country in recent weeks and could affect some 165,000 people—almost all west-coast immigrants who, in 1986, claimed a total of \$165 million in income tax deductions for money sent to support relatives overseas. Revenue Canada officials say that in Toronto alone they have discovered more than \$15 million in phantom tax-deductible amounts earned by foreign foreign currency exchange brokers in immigrant neighborhoods, and propose that they continue investigating as the beginning of "one of the most extensive income tax investigations ever undertaken." Six criminal charges have so far been laid in Toronto and two in Vancouver.

The investigations allege that thousands of people from at least five immigrant communities have fiddled a section of the Income Tax Act that allows yearly deductions of up to \$780 for money sent to support relatives and dependents abroad. Foreign currency exchange agents, unlicensed mostly from the community and doubling as money agents, and tax auditors are investigating the reason in addition to receipts for actual remittances sent on behalf of their clients. While many—everybody, in fact—are also accused of filing false Toronto claims for non-existent deductions in 1978, representing more than \$35 million, says Sylv Okita, lead of special investigations for Revenue Canada in Toronto. "Not all of this is fraudulent, but we have so far recovered \$1.5 million in bad debts."

Similar schemes have been detected by Okita, and his six-person investigation team in St. Catharines, Hamilton, Kitchener and Waterloo in Ontario. "The activity at Vancouver is equally staggering," he says with understated exasperation. John Ellerton, head of Vancouver's investigation, adds, "We've laid up one guy who issued 32 false claims in one year, and that's 50 per cent of those we've fraudulently."

The affair is causing a split concern at Canada's Tax India an committee since the people so far charged have all been East Indians and, because Indian exchange operators sell cheap black-market rupees, immigrants are continuing to use agents rather than banks. The result is that the community figures large in Revenue Canada's investigation. "We already have a major problem with our money," says M.R.J. Stewart, editor of the Ottawa-based Canadian Indo Times. "This may make it worse."

Jean Trotter, a lawyer, Mrs. Jeaned's defense lawyer who is suing for tax refunds, finds Revenue Canada's heavy-handedness "People like my client are being caught in the backlog," he says

"Many people are actually sending money, because it's a cultural imperative. There is bound to be some (litigation) but because the case are in such an early stage [sources of objection] will not be heard for six months" those people have not been able to prove their innocence."

Gord Bell, of O'Han's, revenues, is



O'Han, looking gift horses in the mouth

unperturbed. "Because so many people we've investigated have admitted to the fraud, we've been forced to take a hard line." With the investigation just beginning, tens of thousands of other immigrants whose Revenue Canada suspects of participating in a massive ripoff will have to wait to see how hard the law will be come.

TONI HORNIG

VANCOUVER

Hustling's bustling

Yankee Mayor Jack Vaccaro has tried to impose a high sales tax on his city by bringing in a party against the evils of pornography, prostitution and tax evasion. His crusade was briefly wounded in February when the Supreme Court of Canada ruled that prostitutes could not be convicted unless they were demonstrably persistent in their soliciting. By April in the happy-looking spring, the high sales tax on his city by bringing in a party against the evils of pornography, prostitution and tax evasion. His crusade was briefly wounded in February when the Supreme Court of Canada ruled that prostitutes could not be convicted unless they were demonstrably persistent in their soliciting. By April in the happy-looking spring, the high sales tax on his city by bringing in a party against the evils of pornography, prostitution and tax evasion. His crusade was briefly wounded in February when the Supreme Court of Canada ruled that prostitutes could not be convicted unless they were demonstrably persistent in their soliciting. By April in the happy-looking

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Hustlers on Georgia Street: what are girls But there doing in a nice place like this?

Vancouver has so far been more warmly affected by the Supreme Court decision than any other Canadian city. Pitting the case upon which the judge had ruled involved a Vancouver woman, concerned of salvaging a prostitute's rep in his unannounced visit. As we're deciding that any transaction is a private sexual exchange, Vancouver law Justice William Sykes also argued in the judge's court that the definition of "improper"—as practised by a streetwalker—will sustain the entire notion of prosing or passing."

Figuring that hookers would practically have to grab prospective clients by their lapels to be considered "improper," the Vancouver police squad promptly stopped viewing them. Crown prosecution started reviewing 127 outstanding prostitution charges.

Woe to him who gives away the shirt off his back

The Great Fuddle Buck T-shirt After reached its apogee of outrageousness when Economy Winesellers Limited of Vancouver banished all 148 of them from its shelves—unintentional?—by reviving the legal and/or political wrath of the federal Liberal government. The company got stinkier, after agreeing to produce the shirts for Kelowna, B.C., retailer Hugh Harris and his local partners, and the revelation of its bawling came to Harris at the same time as Alberta's Tony Van Paul Yevchuk was trying (and failing) to get the shirt he was still wearing recognized in the House of Commons.

Harris, only slightly daunted (he claims that he and his partners have put \$12,000 into the venture so far), did get himself another manufacturer and there are now some 6,500 new—and improved—Fuddle

for existence of prostitutes, and dropped another 156 because the alleged offence occurred in a local car rental company he suffered because police no longer treat its laundry establishments as dealers.

Entertaining ladies enough, though, are their own hands off down Georgia and Devonshire. There the ladies of the evening charge well-heeled clients an average of \$30 per distance. An entry in 40 positions at a time, most of them stylishly dressed, make positions on the strip each

night, approaching visitors with a smile and a standard line: "Hello, would you like some company?" An ever-egged inspector Bill Nasol notes, "not many of them are stupid enough to be too persistent."

If most men are more interested than annoyed, respectable women are complaining on radio talk shows and in letters to newspapers about being persecuted by the reprobate John. The hookers are concerned about a vagrancy taking the law into their hands; a furor that erupted when one 25-year-old prostitute told police that a man beat her up because, he said, he hated her kind. Mayor Yvesich, meanwhile, has discussed the Supreme Court decision with the mayors of Toronto and Montreal. His police chief, Don Witterton, expects to meet with his counterparts in those cities to apply increased pressure on the federal government to strengthen the Criminal Code's prostitution laws—a move that Justice Minister Ron Boutin has been promising since January's last Ottawa act. Vancouver will remain a prostitutes' outdoor playground. Late last month police were even ordered to stop ticketing those under the obviously draconianuary traffic laws.

On one recent Thursday evening, lowered prices—many of them jolting breathing tanks out of us—we were walking Gastown Street, Vancouver, watching and young, innocuous-looking women go surfing on Davie Street in conjunction with prostitutes, some of whom had been hanging around a liquor store since 9 a.m. And an early shift of four tall hookers stood in front of an Air Canada office on Georgia Street while a motorcycle cop halfway down the block was ushering a male amateur—for going through a red light.

PHILLIPSON



Yevchuk wearing the revised version. It's alright, but it doesn't quite fit to a T'

Buck T-shirts on the market. Improved at the keyword, smooth first version read "Trudie" (pronounced, through some leap of logic, "Trudie"). Puddle Buck's over and under a severed Canadian dollar with the prime minister's face on it, the second version changed "Trudie" to "Tru-dough." Both versions, needless to say, were meant to disparage the current government's handling of the economy.

But back to Paul Boutin. He created the "Fuddle Buck," brought it into the Commons, and then distributed it to members of the original "Trudie" committee he had to various wags and pens people. In fact one man who was... wanted and got one was the prime minister himself.

Like any shrimps, the original T-shirts which would have retailed for \$5 just like their successors, are collectible items indeed, especially, Yevchuk is now without one. He's offered Harris and his four partners \$900 for one shirt, but they're not interested. It's not likely, but after the election, Trudie might be feeling magnanimous enough to give his back though he may yette Yevchuk cross the floor fast.



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Closeup/Music

Gordon's Song

Portrait of the artist as a no-longer-young man

By Tom Hopkins

"Where is he?" squawks the dog-eared self-appointed police posturing her hand through the swing-door of the Lear jet. "There he is! Welcome to New Orleans, Goo-dam!" She chugs over the plane seats and places down in front of a whisky-blended Gordon Lightfoot. "Hi there," she says, louder than necessary in the space between them. "What's your name?" "Erik," the man and wings out of the way as the four members of the Lightfoot band ease themselves out of the cramped Lear and begin strumming instruments onto the tarmac. The air is hot with the stink of aviation fuel. Erik chortles on.¹ And Lear a week a pilot almost lit an airplane for being right out of the swampy side of the runway. They had to abort it. His eyes are now as wide as buttons of disease. The rental car must have arrived and Lightfoot knows by the face of the man that whatever is about to happen, it's going to be a good time. "Take me home," says his wife Lucy, who seems for the moment like a giddy schoolgirl at a concert. After she has left—soothing, though soon to get her cleaned up in a shower—Lightfoot drives an old Buick Dark Blue and leather interior, upturning the plastic cup and the ice cubes when his nose. His face is tired and puffy, assuring many small blubs of pink capillaries on the rise of his nose. With Goo-dam he looks smallish in the back of the plane and for a moment he hesitates before launching his body into the incoming chuff of a New Orleans air mass.

At the Ford nadis picks in way through the traffic, past little Greek ones of ornate mansions and sprawling graveyards, past the high bluestone walkways and wide balconies of the old Town. Concord Lightfoot, a man from New Orleans, "There's no market for the art," he bellows, sounding like a worried pig farmer at his first auction, "and the Midwest ain't got it right, so the bull ain't sold yet." As if it rammed in, heavy salutes the door almost filled the 30,000-seat Municipal Auditorium Theatre. He walks a figure at an ornate stage light bearing a sign reading, Beauchamp Street, our evidence that Lightfoot's icy song of Canadian values and Northern heart have come to the buyers, and New Orleans has learned to love the beauty of the Southern States.

Lightfoot in New Orleans earlier this year (top), with Terry Whalin in 1963 when they were The Two Tones, and in the leather days of 1967; time is not kind



concern now that will take him through the British Isles, 21 states and two provinces during 1978. But more importantly for us, he has agreed to speak at our annual double trouble luncheon. New Orleans marks Lightfoot's 25th anniversary in the music business. It was in 1953 that he gave up a thermal engineer job to pursue a living in the folkie, office job era world of bars and television studios. Lightfoot has since amassed a staggering bundle of superstitions. In albums and taking the latest, *Endless Wire*, 10 of them gold in Canada (over 100,000 copies sold), four American gold (200,000 copies) and platinum (over 500,000 U.S. copies), a 1974 platinum single for *Sundown*, the Order of Canada in 1970, three solo sold out sets for the last ten years, including a recent one presented by the Canadian Council of the University of Toronto's Massey Hall which saw all seats snapped up within 15 minutes, and clarity from Peter Trudeau congratulating him on his anniversary! "I am the one frequent eulogist of modern music," etc., etc. The

the last few years has brought the environmental wealth, and Lightfoot can boast a standing ovation in Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre. He has a close relationship with the Toronto Chamber Club, members of which include former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and the 45-year Garden City councilman even—much to his welcome—the chairman of one of the highest salary committees in Canadian history for his 1973 disclosure (\$150,000 cash and \$4,500 a month he can't wait to leave). A voting indication he's close to is that the stuffy little world of politics may personally have no idea what to do with such an awesome member, except give him more money. At a recent rally he attended in Toronto one lone man made every award night since 1965. Fourteen years in politics without distinction, serving in Lightfoot, who turns seventy shortly, would be a stretch of his name after winning the James J. Fox for the best book of the year in 1969 and the Governor General's Award in 1970. In the larger world of music, the folkies are at a loss at the ranks of The Eagles or Simon and Garfunkel as a songwriter with influence and memory is disappears. His sonorous



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over 400 songs and an estimated 200 other artists have recorded his material, with 300 versions of "If You Could Read My Mind" alone. His albums "Early Morning Pre-dawn" and "The Way I Used to Go" sold a million copies apiece in a month. Over the 15 years he has been recording, Lightfoot has sold some 18 million albums and five million singles worldwide.

But the numbers are pale and cold, important only to industry honchos who monitor them as acceptance over cold-sausage rolls and talk about "product" instead of music. Other artists have sold more records than Lightfoot. Toronto poppy-love singer Dan Hill's album "Larger Than Life" will likely out-sell any previous Lightfoot album, forcing him to realize half-smugly about "those who would unseat me." But unlike Hill, this increasingly portly folk singer from Ottawa has fingered a nerve in the nation's consciousness with tracks such as "Early Morning Rain," about a man flocked later desperate to give his lover who says, "you can't jump all the way down" the title of his album "If You Could Read My Mind," which contains the catchiest of a short lover's need to words that can see close. By reinvigorating the joys of folk music for a different age, he has become for a burgeoning cross section of professionals, students and housewives a sort of keeper of secrets. And perhaps more importantly, he has single-handedly managed to fulfill the most honorable role of the folk singer: the role of chronicler. Many of his successors' keepsakes are those of the nation. Songs such as "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald" about the sinking of an ore carrier on Lake Superior and "Canadian Railroad Trilogy," a three-part saga of the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, although the masterpieces of bygone times, now less grasped the smell of the land, captured its texture so that for many he has become a sort of national Puritan. Born a soldier, a scribbler and in a land of humping factories and endless miles, a link between the cities.

It was two years ago, Gordon Lightfoot was to turn 37 and his sister Bessie thought it would be nice to celebrate with an old-fashioned surprise party with about 60 of Gordon's friends and business cronies at his home on a tree-lined cul-de-sac in Rosedale. In the style of red brick

Lightfoot, named by Sybil Styne, Linda Ronstadt and many others as "the one they did an Oscar-nominated cover in 1976," in Toronto, something for nothing?

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A WHOLE DIFFERENT WORLD NEXT DOOR



minors, with enclosed verandahs and delicate poking chimneys, that would be destined to rotting, the kind that fosters hostile heating bills and rooms that have been empty for decades. On the night of the party the guests gathered in the slender living room under the cast maple chimney and the horizon foot oval mirror with the hand-carved frame. They stood around the pool table under the suspended Tiffey shade or in the sun-room with the empty wine bottles lining the ledged glass windows like trophies in an off-campus apartment. And they wanted to surprise Gordon. He was writing in another part of the house and when Beverley or Bill came into the kitchen and the people there shouted "Surprise!" and "Happy Birthday!" and Gordon stopped with one foot on the kitchen floor and he started to cry. And as he cried he walked silently through the rooms and across the shiny deck to the window of the living room where at a rate of 150 words per minute he was working on a window full of blinding photos and stories to print, the photo of mostly cockatoos, piano tuners, life preservers, slowly, crying, looking out the bay window.

Lightfoot, 1966: In the early morning rock

To talk of Lightfoot you must talk of tragedy. Was the tragedy of the Greeks or

the slippery grace of Shakespeare but finally of a casket, more desperate still? All conversations about Lightfoot, if they go on long enough, invariably end in the same place, the last droplets leaking his center, the enthusiasm for his success fully kept from his flags by single-handed interviews, unaccompanied and main-

tenance of a strict, almost paranoid regimen of privacy. His wife who has been with him since the dark days, "The effect of my music on my personal life has been devastating," Lightfoot complained in a rare moment of candor several years ago. His fifteen marriage to Rita ended in 1973 after he admitted adultery. The separation also granted her custody of their two children, Paul, now 16, and Linda, 12. A subsequent relationship with a girl named Cathy ended stormily several years ago. In between there were others, complete with affairs, loves unmet, pendulumized and lost amid grinding depressions and violent work. "All these years I've been confronted with female temptation," he grins, sounding like a bumbling John the Baptist. "It makes bad husbands out of men." He lives now with a doe-eyed blonde from Maine, Cathy Cooney.

He has few close friends, "says Al Mac. His house is mostly basement and roof deck. The basement where Lightfoot has curated more than 2,000 miles of northern blues over the last six years, seldom seen save for Lightfoot, even vacations are oddly, busily like.

Lightfoot speaks of aging like it was a calling. "My mother tells me I used to wag myself to sleep for an hour every night in Orillia," born in 1939, he was encouraged by his father, manager of an Orillia dry cleaning plant, he died in 1974) and his mother to sing and, with the help of the choirmaster at his local United Church, the

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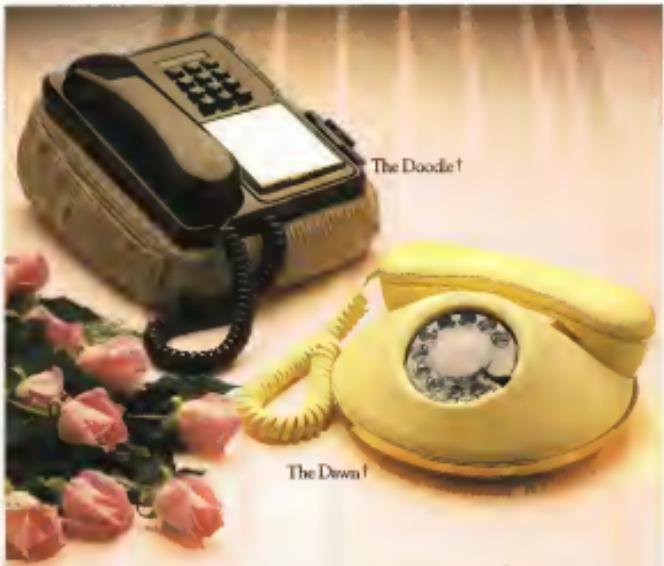


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he developed his unique approach while he was singing at summer weddings. "I always had to pay my own tax."

He continued winning awards. Kraus Festivals and singing leads in high-school productions such as *West Side Story*. Can currently be seen touring in that quintessential atmosphere to just. And on the back page of a *Dreamer* magazine he now tours for the Westlake College of Music in Los Angeles. Additionally he applied and spent 14 months in the bars and sex houses of New York City to complete his *Al Mar Blues*. Lightfoot then chose to escape Dylan's way a black man was it to escape the ghetto? Returning to Toronto he started working in bands playing down for rents and dinging on a chores boy until The Swingers, Long John Eglin on cello, cerebral Captain Bluebeard (thus called from Gordon Lightfoot). In 1962 he recorded an album with his partner Terry Wheeler that went nowhere and when their group The Two Times broke up Lightfoot got back. Influenced by the new popular poetic lyrics of Bob Dylan, he started writing his own songs and playing them solo in clubs in Toronto's Yonge Street and in the fragrant, dark coffee-houses of the mid-'60s Yongeville village. "The music scene was terrible then," says Lightfoot. He adds: "It's all right Dylan fan and Dylan fan recording artists after the single *Face Song*. Would liked the young singer recorded a couple of his songs, so I passed him on to Albert Grossman who got him signed with a song with us and Dylan, Dylan, Dylan, Paul and May and other top folk-folkstars of the day." The deal produced five albums for United Artists and a Grammys nomination and a record-breaking deal with Warner Brothers 1969. But by then Lightfoot had grown impatient with other people running his affairs. He wanted control. And as he was forced to sing himself to sleep as he was going to control the business end, and being a perfectionist, he worked in doing right. One winter Christmas as the snowflakes were shaved away in came Al Mir, a publicist for The Compo Company in Canada who had worked with Lightfoot before to become general manager of Early Morning Productions.

Sitting in his office today at the successful Canadian independent record label Arista on the third floor of a renovated building in downtown Toronto, Mir is a dark, burly, burrowing man who does not remember his eight years with Lightfoot with any fondness. Describing his relationship with Lightfoot's tumultuous and late-night excesses, he says he personally only met between 1973 and 1975. "Lightfoot is one of your bigger male egomaniacs and a leading exponent of the double standard," says the man who controlled all Lightfoot's press for eight years. "Gordon is a very vulnerable man. He latches on to any negative comment and dwells on it. That's why these have been few interviews. But it was also his concern with royalties. He had his problems for lack of it on Dylan's style. He

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wanted nothing better in publicity, as it was being done by word of mouth. About the halfway point of the many benefits Lightfoot does (notably the 1976 Olympic benefit performance at Maple Leaf Gardens which raised \$300,000 for Canadian athletes), a concert benefit for World Hunger in Detroit with James Taylor, Julie Driscoll and Harry Chapin and the proposal to donate the proceeds of four Star Princess cruises to Grimsbyport. More is even less charitable, raising favorable images in the lightfoot motivation. "Gordon will not do anything for nothing," says "Lightfoot and Mart" ported company in June, 1976, after Mart, along with former patient Tom Williams, started "Gordon," he says healthily, "could not handle the competition of one of his people promoting other acts."

The more one strays away at the lapses of time in the Canadian Garth, the more the reason for the dark centre the nervousness that may reverberate. The inquiry arises because the man who made his way into Lightfoot's work, the way he designed his horns under the floor of a pine forest, changing on the surface days later in a black surroundings near. There is hardly a return due to this vast legacy of well scribbled Lightfoot followers who has not been physically stuck in the middle of a concert or a club appearance by a petulant Lightfoot obscenely fling at a helpless sound man or been hurt by a disarming comment when a checked early note is checked out in request. Offstage the stories of depression, hard drinking and even harder drinking are routine. The why of it must likely lies in the tension between the man's ambition and a fundamental streak of small-town decency. A poker-faced

Lightfoot, 1979, between rehearsals at Toronto's Massey Hall 25 years loosely



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Lightfoot and 1978 Lincoln Continental

conservatism causes him to brood over the wealth, temper and temerity maniacs and mafiosos with patched blue jeans and leather-sleeved tweats. The drowsiness causes him to eschew the shirts and bowties in the cruise business, an impulse that has kept him from the *Wanted* L. A. type and capo-vet that has copied the credibility of a John Denver (A blessing, Lightfoot singing loud-straight in a voice that's next to a lodgy Peter Cetera) would be painful admission.) Set against this need to be just an Grunge Lodge good boyish in the chavering ambience that send him to those roles in *Wanted*, Cetera says, the new wine now sounds like a career for the next ten years. "Gordon was meant to be celebrated in his own country," says Robert Murfie, a Troubadour artist and friend who new sees Lightfoot only agreeably. "He'd like to be like Glen Gould and have all his acquaintances lovingly recorded—like Gould's gloves, his writing habits, the height of the piano stand." He pauses and wraps his hand around a bottle of beer in the down-town bar half. "He's Gordon Lightfoot a major star. He should be content with that but he's not."

Lightfoot can be as vain as a Boring Hollywood despot, lusting over publicity photographs, angling for vouching on affirmations for news items. In the last few months he has become doubly sensitive because, though he has the upper body of a siver-foler, burdened by clattering and rambling six-boots, he has the lower body of a beer-parlor walter. On this Valentine's Day, he has situated his bulk behind a spindly desk in the darkened upper room of a white and bushleash gray converted house that holds Early Morning Productions. He is sitting in the middle of the afternoon with the drapes drawn. His face is as bloodied and disheveled as half-massaged deadguy. He repeatedly tips a bottle of Canadian Club rye and a plastic cup of coffee, continuing to tip it up until the coffee is gone, then pours the rye directly into the cup. He had sat up with sister Beverly for four hours the night before, missing his

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leaked Maple Leaf's bidding, operating, and it was decided two days before the New Orleans concert to hold off on operations (thus the reporter) and postpone a story that was being done. He was worried he might become less attractive sales and a loss (his sold-out hall would look bad in print) but mostly he was not ready to answer the reporter's questions. The last had risen: "I've seen him like this before," says a distressed Bevins. "He's going to take dad and there's just no talking to him." But by the next day he has retorted: "We made a commitment," is all he will say. The talk is cordial but halting. The eyes are earnestly or musing, seldom

lighting on the waterways. He has decided he must simply slip his fears into retelling and set in his conference office appropriate signs of the transient needs of the business. In Lightfoot's case this means retelling the same story of early events, the same stories that have appeared time and again in yellowpress newspaper clippings for a dozen years. The anecdotes roll out about Herbie Moon of B.M.I. Canada who encouraged him when the 17-year-old Lightfoot brought him a tune called "The Hula Hoop Song," about Norman Studios, who recorded his first record. "Music sure you get the names," he says carefully. "The stories are important."

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everything. "I can't help but think of the convalescent," Beaudet says one night from a call-in. One imagines him ending his days doing exactly what he is doing now: Walking alone at his rocker "writing table," wrapped around a guitar in an empty room at the top of a darkened house with the guitars ringing up toward him and a dusty bar of sunlight draped across his lap like a long red Siesta.

On stage at the Municipal Auditorium Theatre in New Orleans, Lightfoot and his band—Terry Clements, guitar; Rick Haynes, bass; Pro-Wise Claude, pedal steel and Barry Keane, drums—start off with the walking strut of his 1976 hit *The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald*, kicking the song over like aamped-up *Bucayu* on a country highway. The crowd cheers at the first verse. Lightfoot gathers all the affection from the audience. A half-glass is passed on his mouth and the band each gets a. This clearly is the reason Lightfoot goes on. Here he is in control. A short-sleeved denim suit with a line of sequins down the shoulder and pants leg are the only concessions to show-business. Even the lighting is subdued and he performs the rest of a white cone of spotlight, perhaps ill-legged away from the microphone to cut out the order of the laws to the mind. *Academy Award Songwriter of the Year*, *If You Could Read My Mind*. The band is simple, dignified, almost暮气重 at the day's maturing. His eyes sweep the audience looking from eye to eye. With each octave he kicks up the adulation, like a sponge growing more powerful, each chair making the pain the more intense, reinforcing all the confidence he looks inside. He sings shakily, from the throat, making legit notes sound as if they have been squashed from a valve. The songs roll on: *Boots Goree*, *The Circle Is Small*. They are his, all his and the crowd remembers and they cheer. Lightfoot for reminding the memories. Like most of Lightfoot's audiences, this is a steeped-down crowd, the women without makeup, the men mostly bearded, dressed in soft-shorn cardigans. They are embittered but restrained. There are no thoughts of running home. They are searching a friend. And they are happy when something Lightfoot understands. Good value. Like an Orlando merchant. Something for something. "This is kind of an open," he says in a rare attempt at between-song patter, and strumming at the first banjo of the *Canadian Railroad Trilogy*. There is almost as much applause from this Southern audience as for the *Edmund Fitzgerald*. The crowd's faces, by the stage lights are ghoulishly expressive, voluptuous. Intertwining in a song by a craftsman about the linking of a land few of them think about from one year to the next. It's like that with Gordon Lightfoot. For his fans, the memories gently stirred and the rest on stage are all that really matter. The names about the insecurities and vulnerabilities effortlessly fate the withered never-to-be-the song's

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Blood and sand

Why fight over this Godforsaken place? Phosphates

By David Baird

Exhausted, gory winter at a Moroccan military outpost looks across the vast pillar of Cape Bou Regreg that means west Africa's barren Atlantic coast, wheezing over scores of black and brown skeletal bones before surging to earth. A desultory of soldiers often too exhausted to march, the provincial governor steps from the French-built Poste Hassan to inspect the dark day with freshly laundered white shorts, shirt and—despite the fierce sun—light tan suit jacket sharply looking on. "This is the great challenge," says Boukash Zakkak, governor of Blida province, nearly twice as large as Nova Scotia but with only 5,000 inhabitants in the blighted coastal town of Tindouf. And the Western Sahara? "This is going to be a cry. Under the Spanish colonialists there was nothing here but a plateau and a barracks. We started from zero. Now we're creating a settlement and revolutionising a way of life."

These whose lives have been changed, irreversibly, are the nomads who have managed to scratch an existence in one of the most inhospitable regions on earth, the palest sand and rocks of the Sahel. A drawn-out guerrilla war that has been under way since Spain relinquished its Saharan territory in 1975, has forced them to quit their wandering and take sides as the struggle threatens to engulf not just North Africa but the continent too. At Bou Regreg, however, they war serious for autonomy and Arabi Constitutional Jacob Benachir scoffs at accusations claimed by the Polisario guerrillas who seek outright independence for the region. Over a meal of goat meat and couscous, the wary commander says: "If those people have the decisive power they claim, I would love to see them. But in seven years here I've not heard a single gun shot, though they claim to have destroyed Bou Regreg."

The Sahara has become Morocco's frontier, a magnet for northern migrants and the focus of a \$200-million cross-continent project. And then there is the mineral wealth of the south, 100,000 square

miles' territory. It contains one of the world's richest phosphate deposits, stretching right up to the mid-70s to retain control. Separatists fostered a tame autonomy movement and prepared to hold a referendum. But Morocco's King Hassan II had other ideas. He launched an unexpected invasion by 250,000 of his subjects in November 1975—the Green March, it was called—that threw Madrid into such a

state of fury it contained one of the most notorious massacres in history. It was followed by a fierce, wheeling war between the Polisario and the Moroccan-backed Saharawis, who have been fighting back to the desert. It has killed 10,000 Spanish citizens and French workers in Mauritania, destroyed many installations and launched a propaganda drive for international sympathy for an independent Saharan Republic.

But just as importantly, the conflict has split the Arab world and the Organisation of African Unity. And inevitably—as in other current conflicts in southern and eastern Africa—other nations have been drawn in. French fighter planes have been striking at Polisario bases in Mauritania and Spain, which has supplied arms to Morocco; recently approved a fishing agreement with Rabat which the Polisario sharply charges is likely to threaten the autonomy of Western territorial claims. Moreover, Algeria's aid to a breakaway movement for Canary Islands independence (from Spain) has soured relations with Madrid. The Soviet Union meanwhile conveniently forgets ideological considerations to import at least one million tons a year of Moroccan phosphate while secretly assisting royalist new feudal lords of the ministry in the control.

The war itself, however, seems to involve warring tribesmen, the Berbers. Morocco claims to have the situation well under control and says that Polisario infiltration would hurt the nascent Algeria without military and diplomatic support. "Most of the energy are mercenaries who have nothing to do with the Sahara, and some may be Celts from Algeria and Libya provide the army," a government spokesman. "If you add up all the claims made by Polisario, they've wiped out the entire Moroccan army. In January alone they said they had killed 400 soldiers and taken 400 prisoners in our northern region. In fact, they took probably two prisoners. Certainly as far as officials in Morocco's administrative capital, Laayoune (the Spanish spelling is "Anza") are concerned the situation appears under control. It is more than a year since the Polisario tried a mortar attack and the town is calm. As a



Polisario guerrillas giving an insulation of a show of arms: they talk a good war

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Moroccan drove through the busy commercial district, he laughed. "They say we've got the people in revolution camp and the place is in ruins. Do you see any signs of that?"



But Polisario's action has severely curtailed production at the Bu Craa phosphate mine 70 miles southeast of Laysourine, dismantling sections of the conveyor belt that hauls ore to the port at Laayoune. Six days a week, well guarded, 30-ton ore convoys cart phosphate to the coast. Most of the 400 Spaniards still here work for the phosphate company jointly owned by Spain and Morocco. They find little to entertain them in Laysourine these days. The drivers of bus, truckload and truck-train departs soldiers and policemen predominate. The main street's name has been changed from Generalissimo Franco to Hassan II but the embassies, including those colonial administration buildings remain. Like one left over from Beau Geste film. Now, however, the bureaucrats are largely French-speaking Moroccans from the north. Only the Casa Blanca still serves alcohol. Once according to Marocco's Prince Tomaïeb, a cousin of Sultan Hassan II, the Spanish Legion, it was "the most efficient legion after Africa." Maroc's unofficial representative here, Polisario knows the Saharans well. "They are a people of great human dimensions of enormous energy and honor. You can conquer this land with arms but it requires a lot of work to conquer their hearts." Like many observers, he can see no viable future for an independent nation in such a barren territory.

Even the Saharan term of sultan hood is newborn. The predominant tribes, the Igazas, the Ibarqas and the Old Dilm have always followed their herds from water hole to water hole without reference to international boundaries. The only reliable census carried out by Spain in 1974 put their number at 74,000. How many suppose Polisario said how many men remain in the Moroccan state is unclear. Laysourine's population is claimed to be 40,000 but one resident estimated only 4,000 were native Saharans.

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Polyarmer operating like an somebody or perhaps something, saving it may of life?

Incidentally make them want to control the Moroccans are offering fire the commodity they prize most—water. At Boujdour, an hour south of Laayoune by helicopter, two to three days by caravans, a desalination plant produces 250 to 300 cubic meters a day for the 2000 inhabitants

don't ask your name, your rank or even your You suffer—that is enough for me." Schools are being built, a mosque, a running hill shop. A port is planned. Nomads are being persuaded to sell their camels (worth around \$750 each) and to convert the money in bank accounts and business ventures. "A very flexible policy is necessary because the nomads have always depended on their animals," says Governor Zidkoun. "But nomads have never been winterers through desire. Recently kept them moving. It was hell. Now that is changing."

Vassos to the former Spanish colony are left in no doubt that the Moroccans intend to stay. Though they dislike their king's autocratic rule, most Moroccans appear to support him on the Sahara. Typical among the Berbers is the saying, "There are three. Our civilization comes from the Sahara and even during colonial times the Saharawis commanded paying homage to Hassan's wisdom. We have the same religion, the same language, the same culture." That's precisely the attitude behind Governor Zidkoun's determination to build a new city in the wasteland around Boujdour. But both Morocco and Algeria maintain will regard well equipped areas. So as long as the Saharan question remains unresolved, the risk of open war remains, and al-Khalifa's ambitious development plans could fall to ashes.



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Closeup / Behavior

Dying like a dog

Confirming that man is the vilest of beasts

By William Lowther

Never had a dogfight been better organized than the Texan Derby. A micrographed program was mailed out ahead of time describing the nine fights that were planned and concluding: "absolute secrecy because dogfighting, of course, is illegal in most parts of the United States and throughout Canada." About 300 men women and children turned out on April Fool's Day for an evening of what they consider sports—watching and gambling in legal arenas, watching illegal dogs maiming each other to pieces. Some had come hundreds of miles from the northern states, one even from Guatemala, to the new "proofed" pit on a creek bottom behind an ancient farm deep in the heart of Texas.

They paid \$5 each to get in. The cushioned magazine seats and the floor-cushion bleachers were filled to capacity. Concessions were doing a brisk business in beer, rum, whisky, headshots and chile. The betting was heavy. Then, right after the first fight, all hell broke loose. Despite security precautions the authorities had found out about the event and the Texas Rangers mounted, armed screening.

Dog owners and spectators scattered "like a cohort of quail," as Sheriff Deputy Curtis Johnson described it. In a cleanup truck and even Whoopiechops they sped over fields, sweeping numbers off the ground, eight thousand of them.

The police posse rounded up 175 people, including a man whose dog east Texas carried a tag identifying the owner

A Humane Society worker with a maimed fighting dog maimed near Guelph, Ontario (below) and a scrawny hound a dogfight in Texas (bottom). That's entertainment

as Zigmund Matuszak of R.R. 1, Center Centre, near Hamilton, Ontario (left). He was bitten and punctured wounds on both front legs and his throat. His esophagus was crushed. There was no reason here that showed he had been in pain before. I investigated him until he was out of its mouth pain as possible and a dog owner had to shoot him.

An injured dog with a broken clavicle at their meeting, the big dog said, "I had all his dismembered except in a few pockets of secret meatify but never the last five years it has been experiencing a Renaissance in the United States and Canada."

It is nearly always pit bull owners that are used as these professional fighters. They are short-quarters, Staffordshire terriers





The hounds working close in with their dogs gets that old spanking blood going

with a snarling of some other tenacious mean head can't seem to increase the size. The hounds are indeed very powerful. They weigh between 35 and 39 pounds and have large, wolf-like jaws. Surprisingly they are gentle house pets, good with children. But when their killmen run around, they develop a pitiless vicious streak. Some are said to have killed three German shepherds at once and killed them all.

Preparing a pet will entail a fight requires about two years of intensive physical training. One must add human form to his fighting breed, forcing him to run to keep his balance. Or he may be forced behind a moving car. The idea is to develop leg muscles and the stamina needed for fights that could last hours. The dogs also spend time in the water, learning to swim and to pull their weight in strength training.

But there are no great expenses in this cruel "sport." They don't make pleasant reading. This is how a Chicago construction worker was severely maimed by an undercover investigator, instructed a informant on how to train a puppy for fighting:

"When you want to fit a pup you'll use one of these and put it in an onion bag and string it up on a rope from the top of the garage. Use a spring, you know like a front-door screen spring, and hang that out so as to pull out through the onion bag. You won't get yourself some clippers and clip the edges off."

"Then you let the puppy at it. The ear'll bob up and down and the dog'll go after it. Pretty soon the dog gets tired and won't carry you pull it off and drag it back to the corner and hold a against the wall. It'll be held to hold it until he's had a nutrition break around mid—heyah! You let it go back at it, if the ear gets pretty mangled up in the

bag, just take it down and keep it till the next day and know it is and let the dog eat it."

A fighting dog training might be "fun" a score or more of sons or younger dogs to be trained to bite and scratch in the ring against another one of another kind. Fighting seldom less than 50 minutes generally about 15% wins and sometimes longer. Most fighters focus on auto accidents, prison breakouts, rape, snatching, and amphetamine use of one kind or another have been found in dogfighting kennels.

A fight is over when one dog refuses to carry on, which is usually inflicted upon by owner. Owners rarely pull dogs though because of the money involved and because "anything can happen." Dennis Wright, an investigator for the American Dog Owners Association, told a congressional subcommittee recently: "I've seen two dogs fight for about an hour and 40 minutes at which time one of the two stopped to vomit. The second dog, which still kept biting, continued to do so, chewing on the head of the downed dog until it died and stood over it. After a minute or so the downed dog suddenly picked up and demolished the standing dog."

Dogfighting has become so well organized and financed and developed that a special agency has evolved along with secret "pit parties," managers and the "Cagan rules," so called because they were developed in Cagin country in the U.S. South. These 12 basic rules stipulate that dog owners select a referee who in turn appoints a timekeeper. The pit must be 16-feet-square with sides 30 inches high. The floor is canvas or carpet.

If in a fight one of the dogs turns head and shoulders away from the other, a "turn" is called. This means the animals must be broken apart—mostly by prying their mouth open with a stick—and after a 15-second rest (the one that "Vanned" or cut

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No one can say for sure, but an interesting investigation involving experts on both sides of the border indicates these are at least 11 known cases of organized crime fighting dogs in Canada, including five in Ontario, four in the Montréal area and two near Vancouver. How many others there may be is anyone's guess. For dogfighting has a role of silence that often equals the Mafia's success.

Nevertheless, stories do leak out. Not long ago for instance, a big blue Buick raced out of the Laurentian foothills, heading south for Montreal and the border. A pit bull, torn and badly bitten about the neck and ears, was whimpering and growling on the floor. Colleagues across the rear seat and managing in every blessing was a man with a bullet in his left knee. The driver was scared.

They had driven north just the day before from New Jersey to get their dog against a Canadian cur. A thousand dollars had been in stake and they had reckoned it would be more money. Their pit bull, Bartoli, a dog with a very record, was not to be taken off by his opponent and the Montadelon quickly saw money being lost. Everybody agreed in short French and the referee called a "time" - a ploy to give the local animal a second chance.

When the nice from New Jersey argued, the "protector," a man with a 22 in his belt, started to wave his gun about. They didn't think he'd shoot, but he did. Then they all were roughhoused. Bartoli was kicked. They were lucky to get away. Ten hours of hard driving later, with no trouble at the border, they were home.

The story comes from Chief Inspector Donald Hepworth of the Ontario Provincial Society who pulled it up from one of his many "intelligence sources" helping control the spread of dogfighting in Canada. Middle-aged, a slow-speaking, friendly sort of Yorkie man, Hepworth is better informed than most people about dogfighting south of the border. "The people don't bark or growl when they're fighting. They mostly just bark, so the death is silent. When they let them go they don't caught at one another. They go with such fury that they'll go right up, pounce like a couple of ratholes then bring head on. The dog with the fauna reflexes that can twist and grab is exposed by the neck or leg will then have a decided advantage."

Hepworth says 200 to 300 people might attend American fights. "But up here in Canada I think that 20 is a good crowd. Women go to these things, you know. In my experience they're the type of women who go to alien-wrestling matches and scream 'Kill him! - pull his leg off!' that sort of thing. A rather coarse type of person."

Dogfighting has its own press. There are no fewer than three underground newspapers catering to the trade — *Pit Dog*, published in St. Paul's,

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Spring Dog Journals of Richmond Hill, New York, and Pet Dog Review of Duluth. They carry reviews of dog-fighting tips and tricks, and sounding and seeing anything advertisements for upcoming meets, challenges and pups for sale. The mailing lists are restricted to people that

were taken into different rooms. They were going to conduct a fight between all the dogs and the man that was chosen would be choosing a winner. He would be holding a bet to make sure that there was no poison or any type of foreign material on the dog that could cause the other dog to die. He linked it all

dogs will die both the winner and loser." Said the informer "This had happened quite a bit. They both die at school. That is because they were fighting so many dogs. Now just to give you an idea, after the fight we weighed the winner. He had lost 20 pounds fighting. That's like 23 pounds in a fight for a human! He was a boxer. It's not uncommon for them to lose up to 10% of energy they've got, so to speak, and they just can't keep their legs going."

Hepworth thinks more effort should be put into stamping out dogfighting. "Oftentimes the police in Canada don't take dogfighting seriously. There is a terrible shortage of manpower to be controlled in B.C. Ontario we need more money from the attorney-general's department. But I tell you, if the country is prepared to spend the money, to make the effort, dogfighting can be stopped."

A last word on the Texas Derby and from Ranger Stewart Dowell. He's all "true grit" and John Wayne dressed. The fellow who had come down from Ontario was with a group from Buffalo. I had to let him and his dog go. We just had no facilities to hold them here. But that dogfight-

Dogs and their audience at a Texas fight (above); and some of the children enjoying the show (right); hats for the whole family

publishers know personally or have had recommended by friends.

Editorial handed over to Human Society by informants included advice from Canadians. A breeder in Dundas, Ontario wanted to sell pit bull letter pages—"This breed does it as good as any dog at any dog fight," he said. Another breeder advised: "Open to match. Wait at 5% the female at 4%. I know other vegans who like that are open to match."

An indication of the perversity of people involved in this horrific form of entertainment comes in the transcript of a recent telephone call between a U.S. Humane Society official and an informant:

Q. Would you describe the area where she dog-fights now please?

R. It was elsewhere... we were taken to a home at which time the 20 people that were there got out of the car, paid \$3 admission, and went down in the basement room where they were putting up a fight.

Q. What were the people like?

R. They were... this is what shocked me. There were both male and female batrachy bathed little kids with them and these dogs were ripping each other apart and these little kids were screaming them on.

Q. What happened after you got there?

A. All of us were downcast. The dogs



over the back and down the sides of the legs and over the front of the chest and neck. And then he went in and looked at the other dog.

There followed the gruesome description of a fight after which the Society investigator asked: "Can it happen that both

ing, I tell you, it's the cruelest thing I ever saw. I just cannot imagine human beings getting my enjoyment out of such a thing. If anyone ever did anything like that fighting to one of my animals, well there'd be nothing for it. I'd just have to go right out and kill 'em."

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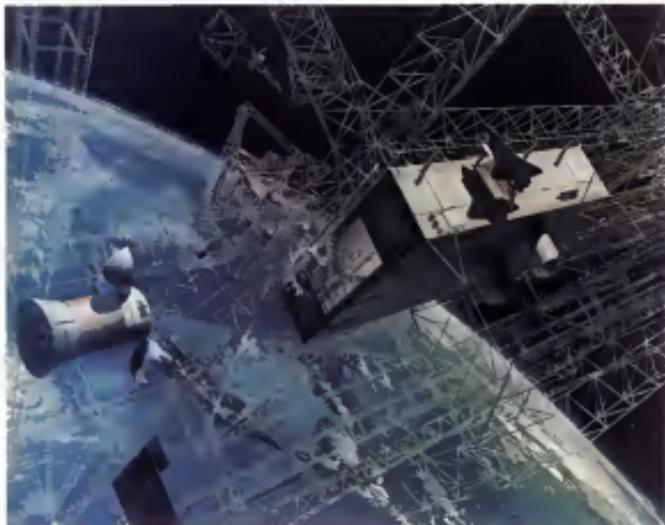
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Take a giant step

Man and his machines are ready now to fill the void

By Allan Bailey



All eyes are riveted to the subject. For the crew it has become man's last frontier. For the passengers, man's space travel effort is spilling over. As the *Vostok* flies past us closer up, the last few shadowed inches of our voyage, the released space city leaves dark and bright against a black void. Nothing in three years could have prepared the travellers for the experience, viewing them at the ship docks at New Toronto. But perhaps the day will surface a nuclear armed missile to destroy the space colony in an orbit out beyond the atmosphere far out of Prince Edward Island, comprehensively impinging several million inhabitants. With its thousand citizens, the space module carries a dozen colonists in a narrow tube across space. The new immigrants of the early 21st century will face a host of uncertainties, but in the process of personal evolution who spans New World horizons after settlement attached to deep sea home.

Speculation? But is the cosmic buffy? Not at all. In fact space colonization is driving within our technological grasp, advancing steadily since we started an era of unprecedented activity in space. In March, for example, two Soviet cosmonauts shattered the world record for duration in space with a 90-day voyage, a test which brings the U.S.S.R. a good stride closer to its goal of establishing a permanent manned space station. Among things closer home it is a virtual certainty that some Canadians reading this magazine will travel into space in the years ahead on board the Space Shuttle, a large man-rated vehicle now in the final stages of testing in the United States.

Events it seems have conspired to postpone the concept of space colonization. Publicity surrounding the current Soviet and American ventures is falling on receptive ears—just watch the evening news.

If the rocket satellite visualization (above) is built, it could send enough energy to power a city the size of Montreal. *One-extremeWorld* Incorporated

every time the Space Shuttle is hauled out of one of its enormous hangars in Alabama or California. This revised economy in real developments coincides with the phenomenal box-office success of the space fancies *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*. In such fertile conditions a 10-year-old plan for populating the heavens has blossomed into something of a movement. In testing proposed physical Gerard O'Neill of Princeton University in New Jersey, Earth space colonization has tapped the wellspring of hope in a generation resigned to the shifting visages of pollution, unemployment, energy shortages and overpopulation. "If we choose," maintains O'Neill, "we can

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2050 see the earth's population as being no
higher or even declining because of space
constraints."

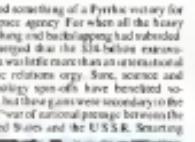
The space station isn't being planned merely as a hyper-expensive test project to reheat popular interest in directions or testing power to generate electricity to be shipped to Earth. It will be the first to provide us with a new and infinite source of electric power. The lead and last source of these arduous solar satellites will be the standard issue of massive solar satellites to capture the energy of the sun and beam it to every back home in space until we can supply the tiny equivalent of the 16-billion James Webb space telescope—pollution-free energy without guilt. How soon could all this happen? Consider the following:

To manufacture these solar satellites we will need to spend 10 years on the basis of technology now developed for the Space Shuttle and, "it could be completed within 15 to 25," says O'Neill. These early rotating spheres more than a quarter mile in diameter—could house 10,000 space workers is a quasi-artificial environment with a manufactured atmosphere and manufactured gravity, several days away from this planet.

That is what is possible. It will likely be some time, however, before the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) gets its heart, and its budget, behind such enormously expensive proposals. Time has been charged from the budgetary limbo of former landings when NASA budgets slipped unnoticed through a doting, divided Congress.

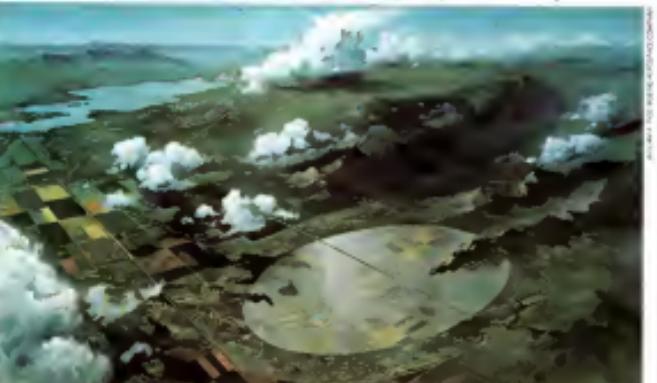
Thus, the great race to the moon has

ASA's idea of what a cylindrical orbiting city would look like from the outside and below what a true 'satellite city' would be inside, a very different kind of space.



at the sprout to the moon was used as a freely available happenstance while a pointed war raged in Asia; the major American cities were under seige and until the \$24-billion price for a bucketful of space grain seemed feasible while people were waiting. The latter reflected 1911. The ensuing international political crisis of roads of supply demonstrated the American's lack of military preparedness and security. But our cultural propensity made us weather the political opposition—Space Shuttle Transportation System, one of its principal objectives, the shuttle managed to meet the likes of then Senator Walter Mondale and it was only a few years later that the door to the final frontier opened.

ly next year the space station in U.S. interest a activity which has existed since the Apollo-Soyuz project in July, 1975, will be replaced by the cluster of seven modules of the first of a new generation of spacefarers leaves our planet for the first time. Like the phoenix, the Space Shuttle rekindles man's dominant dream and spurs hope for mankind's future in space. The shuttle is designed to reduce the





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of Canadian And communications satellites in the early 1980s.

The new consumer Space Shuttle, which is much more comfortable and less stressful than previous spacecrafts, will ferry male and female scientists and engineers from many nations into earth orbit to carry out their space research in a relaxed, atmosphere environment. Toronto researcher Dr. Kenneth Money and Dr. Kishore Melkote of the Defence and Civil Institute of Environmental Medicine are on a short but very busy flight right to study space workers and the effects of microgravity. Katherine Johnson, a 50-year-old scientist at Dalhousie University in Halifax, has been selected to join the eight-strong crew that will crew the four shuttle spacers. She is one of six women and 29 men who will be spending time during the next decade commanding 200 miles above the earth to get to work.

Man's knowledge and experience beyond this planet is still only ocean-deep and the mission of the shuttle is to peel back the successive layers of the unknown. The next great leap into space will not only carry out the tradition of unhampered exploration of earth's planetary neighbours but it will also add a significant new dimension—the exploitation of the unique properties of space for the benefit of mankind. Indeed many observers believe that the shuttle will bring us to the verge of the next industrial revolution.

The familiar television scene of astronauts floating and tumbling around their spacecraft, disengaged from the bondage of gravity, dramatically portrays the potentialities of living and working in space and its neighbourhood. Man's potential as the day when humans will be parked in earth orbits, producing medicines and materials which could never be duplicated on earth. For example, the rare element Ullschmeissite used for dissolving blood clots, has already been produced in the weightless environment of space with its name the efficiency so achieved on earth.

The voyage of the Soviet Salyut 6 space station, being served by cosmonaut and automated spacecraft since it launched September 28, 1977, hints that the Soviets, too, are moving closer to a permanent facility for space research and possible manufacturing. In fact, the Soviets and Americans could soon be competing in this area. Negotiations are under way between NASA and the Soviet Academy of Sciences aimed at a link-up between the shuttle and a Salyut station. Both countries have something to gain. The reusable shuttle can transport equipment and supplies into space more cheaply than the Russian rockets. The Salyut, on the other hand can return in space for up to two years whereas the shuttle is limited to about 30 days.

The space hardware that can be built with shuttles and stations puts today's satellite— even Skylab—in the midsize category by comparison. Former NASA ad-

visor James Fletcher has suggested the possibility of putting together a communications satellite as large as several football fields to enable individuals to communicate via Disk Timex-type wrist radios for as little as 30 cents per minute. Boeing Aerospace Company recently proposed that the United States undertake building a solar power satellite 20 square miles in area (about the size of Windsor, Ontario) and weighing more than the largest ocean liner, to bring the harnessed power of fusion to the energy-starved planet. "The basic technology for all this is at hand," says Boeing manager Ralph Stassen. "What we've got to do is learn how to apply it."

The power available from such a satellite would be more than enough to supply the needs of a city the size of Montreal. At present, both Boeing and Rockwell International, two major U.S. aerospace firms, are studying the solar power concept for NASA. Consider the cost of launching an equivalent satellite to provide the billions of dollars and would take a team of 300 working in an orbiting space factory, about a year to assemble. Still to be resolved are the environmental impacts from the microsoot radiators and the fact on the atmosphere of the exhaust of many as 10 large space freighters per day needed to carry material to the construction site. An incentive at the whole idea stands, it has steadily been gaining support in the scientific and technical community and recently received a murmur of responsibility in a Bill intro-

Below: rays focussing through central cavity (right) power a thermal engine assembly to convert heat from orbital converter into raw energy from a solar power satellite to electricity



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Ben Culligan is currently going the rounds again, helped on his way by his Conservative opponents. The scene is an international status meeting in Paris in the 1960s, as the chair France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. A highly animated discussion has just finished with Culligan, Ben Charnier of the Exchequer Finance ministry, apparently not quite "with it." At the conclusion, Giscard removes his glasses and says: "I think we should just go over some of the points again for the benefit of our British friends." He then proceeds to deliver a bumbling child's guide to international economics.

Both the content of the story and the timing of its telling are significant in what could be an election year. Since Britain's oil-based economic performance is relatively buoyant, there are doing the best they can, banking back to low rates days.

Then there is the case of Culligan, who once was forced to leave Britain uninvited, to pounds over Britain's Transvaal. As he enters his third year at No. 18 Downing Street, inflation, which touched a frightening peak of 31 per cent in 1975, is below 10 per cent and set to fall another couple of points by midyear. The government's 10 per cent voluntary pay policy is working relatively well, the mortgage rate has been cut four times in a year, and although unemployment remains high, production sluggish and a trading balance fragile, there is a real sense of better times approaching.

Will the recovery last? One view is that this could be "the shortest economic narrative in history." The prediction goes like this: "We'll soon be spending fire hoses." 10 per cent tax cuts on import-dominated sectors of the market like cars, foodstuffs and chemicals will bring down inflation and inflation will soon move again to new heights. There are reasons for this: the balance of payments will be in the red again, or forced to be, by next year; and the current weak oil market is working against Britain where North Sea fuel costs \$1 a barrel to produce

against \$1 for Arab oil. Nevertheless, both friends and foes remark that the once-revered silver-haired "Sunny Jim" old party version who had singularly himself to survival achieving the premiership has grown up.

Culligan has had a similar unappling effect on his old foes and friends himself as his abilities as a talking speaker (he sits on Environment Secretary Peter Shattoe the seeds of a future leader). But he also has a tough streak, which has emerged in his firm attitude to large pay claims, notably during that June's now-week 18-hour strike.

In the country at large, he has restored a measure of confidence in politicians that was badly shaken under Wilson. Even City of London headroom to potential collapse, there's a feeling that that is a distant, straightforward sort and for many businesses, fearful of some Heath-type inflation, Culligan is the best Conservative prime minister they've got.

Perhaps the key to the man is that he is well informed about the people he is in contact with, old-fashioned Britons and a patriot. He has never been a careerist European or interested in the European Union as an Atlantic alliance issue, believing that Britain and the United States become there know best how to run things.

One of the most telling indications of the way Culligan has established himself in British hearts is that the old conception of him as a caretaker current at the time he

to counter urban militancy, even of a right-wing crop.

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One of the most telling indications of the way Culligan has established himself in British hearts is that the old conception of him as a caretaker current at the time he

became prime minister, has disappeared. His own eagerness for nationalism was shown recently by the way he readily countered Thatcher's move to curb an anti-inflation feelings. Without actually saying things out, Culligan has managed to leave the impression that Labour is as concerned as anyone and by the time he calls an election the Tories, who are divided by Thatcher's taxes may find themselves on the losing side of this key issue in his strike.

The question is, when will he do it? The answer looks more and more likely October, since the party needs to get itself fully in the year. May seems too early for such a speech (which always tends to go against the governing party) and an June understanding by-elections. After the fall, the argument runs inflation and other economic factors may make this task more difficult. One thing is certain, however, whenever he starts, there must be no let-up. Sunday June will be an there running like hell.

SOUTH AFRICA

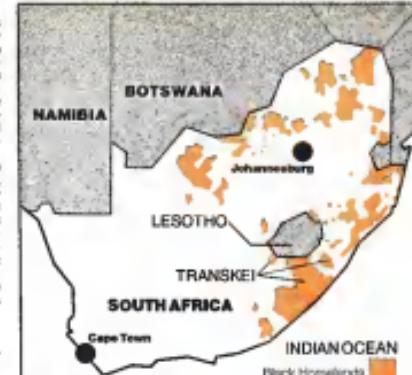
The mouse that's roaring

Chief Minister Marais's political career has always been stormy. Eighteen years ago he made a move that marked him as one of the most controversial figures in African history. He became the first black leader to accept South Africa's grand scheme of apartheid by opening the way for the first of nine tribal reserves or homelands to be established.

The plan was to implement that, since then, both Marais and, less luckily, lonely country, took enormous land along the line of Demark, but fragmented into three pieces, roles apparently been refused recognition by the outside world which now sees as prevent the white South African supremacy game. For independence did not come so much. The Transkei did not cling to South Africa economically—\$107 million in aid and about three-quarters of its budget, relatively—since Transkei has only a 320-man militia, and in many ways pitiful. But for 18 months the chief, an eminent ex-guarantor attorney stood by his decision urging that independence was the only means of advancing his rights for blacks.

Thus, earlier this month, Marais announced what may end up as a political suicide. He commented in Parliament that Transkei would break off relations with South Africa because it had referred to part of a chunk of land—East Griqualand—that would concern two of Transkei's three regions. In revenge he pledged to join the "liberation" movement, pushing for the abolition of apartheid, and even threatened to do so.

The move was so stunning it was a lesson funny. "Knowing the military strength of South Africa," Marais declared. "Transkei will hide its time before taking up arms to recover the land that has been cynically raped from it." Johannesburg's



The map shows where Transkei is, the shaded area shows about a hundredth of the might

and Daily Mail reacted typically, labeling the act "suicidal." And when South Africa immediately began joking about whether the Cuban would come to Transkei's aid.

From the outside, however, that seemed like whistling in the dark. For the fact is that the Transkei has a 150,000 militia and a common border with Lesotho, which is a tiny independent state, and for these reasons alone it could become a haven for black fugitives from South Africa and, eventually, a shadow for guerrillas.

Furthermore, the South Africa government cannot take decisive action to prevent such a development without destroying all evidence of the independence of the Transkei—and by expansion of the other black "homelands" it is in the process of creating.

This is not after respect in which Marais's vision deserves to undermine. He consistently condemned white participation in the expansionism of the authorities for "homelands" states are fragmented from the Transkei and the land mass has long been the largest single obstacle to the white policy's acceptance by black tribal remnants.

The Transkei's action may lead other "homelands" leaders to conclude that South Africa has no intention of breaking a pledge of consolidation whenever possible. That could conceivably delay—or prevent—the next steps in the implementation of the last of actions on which South Africa's white authority government is now making its future.

Culligan, and
permitted him a
North Sea oil
order, and
perhaps ill
should be
Lesley
Jem?



People

Suppose you're invited to a party and you'd rather have her lead pointed in years outside than go, but you just have to go? **Marilyn Hensel**, former Toronto illustrator and former wife of television host Al Hensel, may just have the solution: Imitate and disconcertingly lifelike replicas of human beings, made out of papier-mâché, up-holstery stuffing, human hair etc. "The texture is realistic, and flesh-like," says Hensel, who now lives in Los Angeles, and whose replica of herself speaks for itself! "The posture and the attitude can vary—



Paul and Stephen Shuster like father...

Stephen into the business, caught his son's act for the first time recently, and allowed "I was happy with his control and style, and he seemed comfortable onstage—and when he introduced me as 'comedy star' Buck 'Wayna' and the audience roared, I knew he'd be one."

Love Story as well as being one of the most unpredictable movies of all time, was also one of the most successful. So it's logical that Penickson would go to the next again: **Oliver's Story**, with **Ryan O'Neal** re-creating the role of Oliver Barrett IV, who has just turned 35. "I get up at 5:30 a.m., every day, don't eat much of anything, smoke a lot, and play bridge," all of which makes her very happy and healthy. Her only regret is that she can't drive any more—as of last year.

Gwen (who was lucky enough to be the face of the then-head of Paramount, **Bon Evans**, when **Love Story** was made) will not be around. **Candice Bergen** will and so will **Helen Hayes**. **Peggy**, a British actress, late of **Quatermass**, **Dowton Abbey**, and **Anna Karenina**, gets Ryan in the end.

Marion & Marcella, or **It's Marion & Marion**?

The hands can grasp, hold a cigarette or clutch a doorknob. They manage, as yet, dance or swear, but this technique is still evolving. "So go to the latest party do the Basics and then do the when nobody's looking send in the clones."

Frank Shuster did not set out to found a comedy dynasty, but it seems to be working out that way. First there was daughter **Rosie**, writer of two **Entertainment** writing awards for a **Playhouse** special and for **Saturday Night Live**—produced by her husband, **Bob**. **Entertainment** winner **Liane Macaulay**. Now there's **Sarah** ("Call me **Stephanie**") who is 25 ("call me 27"). And from a spate of television appearances Stephen's been asked a better question. To research **Yankovic's** a hardsy catalog of the type that grows mad and crazy, **comedian** **Mark Linn** (writer of **One** **Woolly** **Alton** to **Steve Martin**, **Barney Frank**, who may not certainly did not just

Bergen and Paget, new partners of **Jenny**



Sports

The Old Man And The Tee

"Well, now," said the elderly lady in the sun room, taking her seat behind the 18th.

"Mmmmm," said a man who might have been her husband. "You look at her," he said, looking around.

"Mmmmm," he said, following her gaze.

"Dogwood Radish," Gena so great.

"Perty," he said.

"Perty! Why, Walter," she said with the rightful certainty of age: "that's the purtiest thing that ever was."

And who would disagree? Certainly not **Walter**. And certainly not the galleries 43,000 ticketholders from everywhere but Majorca, who have witnessed the event—last week's 43rd running of the Masters golf tournament in Augusta, Georgia.

The Masters is more than the most prestigious tournament in golf. It is a spiritual event of living, an affirmation of life after long cold, dark nights and the days-long lucidity that can be the world tour in Augusta. What would the verbal response be without the sarcasm of the press? (26?) One shouldn't think. It is a part of nature.

One man came from the Channel Islands—naked—last December. Others came from Australia and Japan, where the game is as popular as candy. There were refugees from Florida and the Carolinas, Tennessee and the Virginias, from almost every state in the Union. They came in their Bentleys and their Toyotas, to book their rooms along Washington Road and hold tagline parties in the parking lot, complete with used tea and mint julep. They spent four days under an American sun, with the temperature hovering near the ninety-second of the Masters Control Room.

They came as they come every year to field their Masters golf clubs in that accustomed places behind the first tee or the 18th green or with a new of the frame of the 12th, perhaps the most notorious 155 yards in golf. British housing materials and tennis posts under an azalea sky, they watched a start of spring golden daffodils descend the lush green carpet of the Augusta National Golf Club, a 55-acre oasis, once a nursery, which Robert Tyre Jones, III, Alister Mackenzie and Donald Ross transformed into the most famous 18 holes in history.

For 40 years they have been coming, to see **Suzanne and Diane** **Strad** and **Hughes** **Fowler** and **Nicholson**. This year they came for **Gary Player**, a 42-year-old South

Player making the birds that elicited the Masters: maybe now they'll believe him

African Iron Boddy and co-creator of **Ornitho**, who was his third. **Marion** is dramatic again, birding seven of the last 10 holes.

The only thing that ever wins the tour is Player started the final round seven strokes behind leader Hubert Green, posted a second-round 64 (right under par) and finished from the clubhouse while Green, defending champion Tom Watson and journeyman pro Rod Frazee all narrowly failed to hit 277 score for 73 holes and force a playoff. It was an exciting finish in

this elite tournament but everyone—the more so for the shock of Gary Player's performance.

He was ranked an 18-in-1 long shot to win the event by **Golf Digest** behind 14 other players, including such non-binzies as **Rik Mānagals** and **Miles Lane**. But Player had won on the PGA circuit since 1976 (the year of his last triumph at Augusta). He reached the stage where spectators were shouting for him to hit the first tee, a ringing ovation quite to do in Atlanta. Player the amateur, amateur, outshone by the powerful young bantams of **Greene** and **Watson**, of **Jones**, **Patt** and **Johnny Miller**. Agreeing the field of contenders before tee-off, **Robert Trent Jones**, Jr., a golf course architect, said Player was too muscle-bound, a reference to his disciplined approach to exercise.

Player clearly deserved these impensions. "I'm just that," said in the strongest flush of memory. "A man who's a monomaniac to here talking about physical fitness. You know what I think of that?"

"You people forget that golf is played in other countries of the world besides America," he told an assembly of golf writers. "I keep hearing over here and being asked why don't we? Well, I've won a victory all over the world. Last year I won the World Cup Individual, the South African Open—for the first time in my life. I've got a record—and the rest, the rest, the rest." I'd like to see **Jack Nicklaus** when I regard to the best American golfer, never as much as I do, he comes from his family as much as I am and do as well as I do."

Player's humor to me may have been off-colored, but like his public pronouncements were exact. In fact, Player was older than \$412,000 on the PGA tour in 1977. He earned 15 tournaments, finishing second twice. Max touring professionals play in 35 or more. Tom Watson, who earned \$316,000, earned 23. **Luann Waddington** who won \$344,000, played in 28.

How to the United States five times—33 hours each way from Johannesburg. During his career, he has traveled more than five million miles, more than any athlete who has ever lived," he states. He stands 5 feet 10 inches, weighs 190 pounds, has a 30-inch waist and weighs 150 pounds, probably what he weighed in '51. "At your place older, you've got to make adjustments—for the body, eyes, mind, strength. If you don't make them, you go backwards. But I believe a man can play as well as 19 as he did at 30." Eight months away from his 40th birthday, Player is the oldest champion in Masters history.

"Take my putting stroke," says Player, adding evidence of adaptation. "Twenty-four years I've been a piper. Last week in Gossensass, I also did to become a smoker. Give it a try, I said. All these young guys in it, make all these passes. Just by five strokes I couldn't get it to work—until today."

The winter was asked how he felt about **Hubert Green**, who missed a three-foot



The crowd at the 10th hole watching Green and his son, youth isn't always served

up his pen and of course he was not within four inches of the hole."

Papier's victory at Augusta—as well as his win the following week at the PGA Tournament of Champions at La Costa, California, (where he again drove from seven strokes behind on the final day)—

has earned him a remarkable career. Since he turned professional in 1953, he has won 113 tournaments worldwide. That record includes three British Opens, two PGA championships and one U.S. Open. He has therefore completed the only kind of Grand Slam that now seems possible—winning golf's four major events on the same year. But at the moment, Augusta's pro-founder, the 69-year-old Bill Cooper, has taken one or another of these championship prizes three times. His goal now is to complete a second Grand Slam by winning this year's U.S. Open in Denver's Cherry Hill golf club in June.

On the PGA circuit alone, Papier's 399,000 non-webbed banquets packed him into 10th place on the all-time money list behind Nicklaus, Palmer, Casper, Lee Trevino and Tom Weiskopf respectively. But as Papier took pleasure in observe, as a manner remembrance of some high school coach pushed drilling the basic in theory, golf is not a subculture of an American emigrant to England, Australia, Africa, the sport has a character of its own and it demands from its competitors an entirely different set of skills. "I've got the best golf教 in the world," Player asserted. "Not America—but in the world. My son Wayne is going to be a professional golfer and I hope they win this year, go to the able to estimate the ball's position after all kinds of conditions. My son is a divine athlete. The other night we had our annual dinner for former Masters champions. I got home at 11 o'clock and I exercised until 12:15. If you're going to do that, you've got to sleep whenever you go to bed. The night before I won the U.S. Open, I slept until 3:25 pounds."

When he had finished his lecture to the press, Papier moved outside into the warm Georgia night, signed a few autographs and made his way toward the clubhouse, where an hour earlier his son and a local daughter had stood drying off the light of his triumph. He put his arms around his right arm around his son, Eddie; Eddie McCay, and asked rhetorically, "My friend, did you ever think a man could not consider any gifts for the next days and all about 277? I tell you, if I had planned well, I could have had over \$200." If that would be the price of the green itself?

"I told you a year ago that this year I would hit the per line in my shots. And you watch, my friend, next year I'll be 15 yards longer off the tee."

Golf is the ultimate confidence game. If you think you can play those 100 yards to the ball and drive it 250 yards straight at the flag and a chance for an eagle, then your chances of doing just that are seconds away. Gary Player may be the obvious confidence player, winning not by skill or technique and certainly not by strategy but winning through the force of his resilience. On a sunless Sunday in Georgia, he ranged past 16 holes to win the Masters and everyone agreed it was the poorest thing that ever was

Business

The fall and rise of Izzy Asper

In his sound parents' public and private lives, Harold Asper has always maintained the prepossessing image of a man attuned to the faint foreshadow of decay. Thriftily and temperately—and he's been both—he holds to the slender belief in his divine right to govern the contours of conventional success. His illustrious five years as leader of Manitoba'sพรรณian Liberal party firmly bound in the depths of his conservative soul, Izzy Asper having burned through another half-dozen caucuses like a scalded dog, seems finally to have settled on his calling. At 45 with the mere hard obstinate determination and cheerful chutzpah that characterized his previous passage, he's put a million dollars of his own money where his mouth has always been and become a Prime exponent.

To a diminishing cast of heroes of Old boy buying from the cavorts of Bay Street, the Flahards Bank has forged an astute investment hybrid with assets up to \$100 million in venture capital from a traditionally cautious owner Canadian Tire. Asper's offshoots included Capital West Capital Corporation, headquartered in Winnipeg, modeled broadly on the British Merchant Bank prototype. It purchases equity and a mixture of management control in seductively selected client companies with growth potential. It can then exercise long-term development or profitable出售。In its 11-month history, Capital West (essentially Asper and three other closely aligned corporate ring-mates) has invested \$35 million in three diversified firms which are expected to generate more than \$300 million in sales this year.

It pumped \$27 million into No-Cham International, launched a London, Ontario chemical fertilizer outfit with extensive United States sales, in an outright takeover. It acquired a majority position in the company, then controls Global Communications Limited, Asper's pet-hatched American market further by establishing Universal Subscription Television, a pay-TV station in Boston.

Asper's most elaborate and volatile thus far has been since the inglorious days of the early '70s when he fell deserved to lead the Manitoba Grains into Canadian, clearly in his oblique marketing shot of boardrooms doing deals in no man's land. The multi-level, broad-based, oak-paneled offices atop Lakeshore Square in Winnipeg's sprawling business district north of Portage Avenue reflect the load of corporate wealth with which he operates Capital West. "This," he says, in large, often lugubrious eyes flash-

ing, "isn't a sympathetic environment. As a leader, I'm not good at employing capital and strategy with Canadian resources. Coming from Winnipeg, I trust bank-advisor resources. But the CanWest board meets here at least once a month. Period. It'll be better when

things improve our people off the mainland spread to Winnipeg instead of the other way around."

The concept of marrying two mutually suspicious groups—the financial institutions and the entrepreneurs—which founded CanWest until 100-million-dollar subscription pool returned to Asper back in 1979. "But really it was me, formulating a philosophy I'd been telling about for years before that," he says. "I was surprised by the political call of the wild. It took a year of 'Feverish work' to muscle Canada's heavyweight monumental bankers—the



Asper in his latest incarnation—proving again that you can't keep a good man down

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE

Canada Development Corporation, the Toronto-Dominion Bank and Great-West Life Assurance Co.—and four groups of high-profile Western entrepreneurs in a partnership. The private investors comprise a B.C. unit headed by Jack Wigan, a former baron; Sy Katsanis, president of Voyager Petroleum Ltd.; and Ian Alberta, petrochemicals boss, and a son of former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

As well, Paul Morris, president of Canadian International Thomson and Gibbs, and Alan Thompson, vice-president of Shoppers' Drug Mart. The whole deal went down under the auspices his ownership of Winnipeg's Richardson Securities, with the Winnipeg contingent the largest single subscriber.

Says Asper: "The institution with the combined assets of more than \$30 billion grows as it uses fiscal credibility and managerial expertise. The private people give us 'value money,' their skills in a variety of fields and their ability to spot deals." The package was composed of originally separate financial and business acumen. The blend was further refined by the institution's having 55 per cent equity in the company and the consortium's holding of six of the 10 seats on the board. Although Asper's own geographic biases won't color CanWest's decisions, he is an architect and spokesman of regional economic balance and he admits: "One wants to create economic influence for one's community in national affairs. Canada simply has to have, until the auto-industry level of income is able to fully develop without being uprooted from one region to another."

A steadily ascendant man with a waiting sense of his own potential, Asper has doggedly pursued the requires of ascendancy since he first went to work at 14 as an usher in his parents' movie theatre in Mississauga, Ontario. Staged in the "immigrant sandwich" of his European-Jewish parents, Asper has never relaxed but assumed attack on the Veritas Movie. When he revisited that sort of palpable self-advancement in public office, at his own peril. He would have been accused of going about the business as a Toronto coroner of sorts. Prairie power brokers have done better for themselves. An amateurish set of rules there was one. One being on the road "probably half" his profession. And he's denied his little quipology (as criminal lawyer, corporate lawyer, sex consultant, author, academic, syndicated newspaper columnist, businessman) from Winnipeg: "I believe Winnipeg can be a financial capital." He says, without much of a "You state of judgment here is more delicate and less volatile than the hotshot opinion and street comment. I'm doing what I want to do and making some form of contribution to my community." If only Asper doesn't transform CanWest into another Power Corporation he's an asset devolving another Prairie giant. Homeowner Guy Makin could fit.

—TED ALLEN

Television

A failed attempt to speak of the unspeakable

It is said that 65 million Americans watched the live re-enactment of Nazi's final plan to annihilate the holocaust by the network of television stations that American citizens ratings will over. Advertisers will continue to turn. Many of computations will be exchanged. The singular story of Westerners' abominable disregard of millions of Jews—and Christians—by the masses of the Third Reich, has been rendered tame upon open.

Not everyone is happy, however. German communists in Canada and the United States have protested that Americans in Zairean propaganda and assist to German What the Schlesinger did—not enough they say we have stored.

More extreme elements are even claiming that massacres occurred. They depict the figure of six million Jews massacred as though four million or two million or 500,000 world would suffice clean the slate. They are perhaps inspired by what one German writer had to say on propaganda: "The Hitlerites' essential belief, the most convincing reason: 'That was Hitler, not us!'

The Jewish community is ambivalent.

On the one hand, it knows that the holocaust was not and can never be a prime-time television episode broken by commercials for pizza and detergent. On the other, Jews have never so solemnly planned not to forget the carnage of Auschwitz and the living hell of Treblinka.

Yet for those who witnessed the "final solution," holocaust can only be offensive. It was not like that, not like anything comfortable. Complicated North American journalists. The long nightmare of "pass without meaning," wrote George Steiner and cannot be told.

At least it cannot be told with a plot stretched beyond credibility by omission. With a script tightly wound up by cliché. With acting that fails on its central place—the level of the esthetic. Impressive performances by Michael Moriarty, Meryl Streep and David Warner (as George's chief tormentor Heydrich) cannot disguise the essential mediocrity of the enterprise.

So, although will now judge Nazi horrors by this cleaned version of the events. Imperial College of German art and culture, which will make targets of those Jews who have been the implants of anti-Semitism throughout the world, of course, a wide variety of other Nikon cameras.

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We are caught here between incompatible forces and there is no final solution. Holocaus is a prevention of suffering, an outlet to the dead end—yet it must be shown. That which can one wants to bear is precisely that which has to be repeated all the time." So said another German. Grief. The holocaust in our ultimate sense. Hence, if of the second Fall Told and retold, the story stands an indictment of us all.

MICHAEL POKORNÝ



Modularity as an off officer (left) and Canadian recording artist Headline's CHCH-TV (right). Time doesn't heed

Nikon FM

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as cameras work perfectly with the FM.

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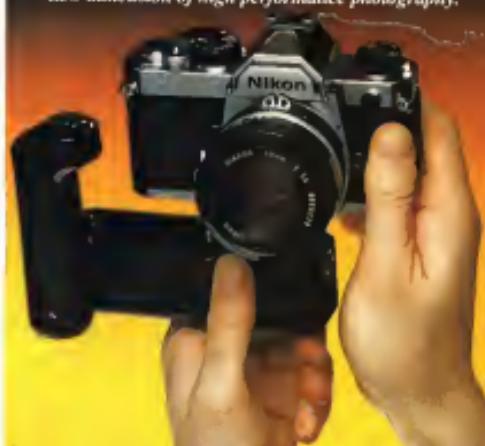
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Justice

The arm to bear rights

The incendiary letter addressed to Gordon Fairweather, chief commissioner of the Canadian Human Rights Commission, was downright ugly. "Having been called a white boor many times in the streets of Toronto," the angry woman wrote, "I have not bothered to spend taxpayer's money on my human rights." Fairweather signed, reminding himself that nobody said a word but still is wrestling with the considerable frustrations of being this country's first federal watchdog on discrimination.



practices. Though he and his fellow commissioners have been working since September, having met now totaling 361 and meeting with interest groups across the country, their Ottawa office did not open officially until March 1. They took a long time getting ready, but then the task is a touchy one. When the Canadian Human Rights Act was passed on July 1977, it established the fed's role as ombudsman to work toward making the goals of freedom from discrimination a reality by right to individual dignity and equal opportunity. That is hardly simple undershifting in a country that faces major areas of continuing economic inferiority as well as hiring practices at unemployment statistics climb.

In the commission's brief first report released in mid-April, Fairweather concluded that he and his staff must work hard to gain credibility because "some people have unrealized expectations and are cynical about what we do." While the party Manitoba lawyer was first appointed to this position, however, there was general support from all parties. With 23 years as a human rights advocate behind him—10 as a New Brunswick Legislative Assemblyman and 15 as a Conservative MP—Fairweather is a well liked and respected man. His greatest strength, says Conservative MP

Fairweather's (MP) colleague, is the woman he's trying to help fight departmental discrimination: some are more equal than others.



Gerald Belliveau, as his willingness to "jump over burning fences." In the first six weeks after the March 1 opening his office received more than 200 inquiries from an Indian woman who was held when her boss discovered she was pregnant. Within 24 hours of receiving the complaint the commission had the woman reinstated. There have been few other converts since, so far, but Fairweather is confident that in time, his commission will become an effective sounding board for human rights. "I know where in Ottawa rising membrane boundaries are going to do anything."

The Human Rights Act protects individuals against discrimination in nine grounds: race, ethnic origin, color, religion, age, sex, but not sexual preference, marital status, physical handicap and conviction for an offence for which a pardon has been granted. It can only intervene if a complaint is filed by the formally appointed sector—some 1.1 million Canadians employed by the federal government, Crown corporations, chartered banks, telecommunications. Following the same procedure as provincial human rights commissions, resolution of such complaints is first attempted by private conciliation with the aggrieved party, the alleged offender and the commission. If that fails a formal tribunal has the power to impose a decision—and failure to comply can result in as much as one year's imprisonment or a fine of up to \$50,000.

But the commission faces problems beyond the difficulty of defining and defending individual rights in a country that often seems bent on denying them. Its operating budget is only \$1 million, and Fairweather points out in the annual report that "to start a national under-

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There's a whole new generation decked out in jeans. And in love with pickups.

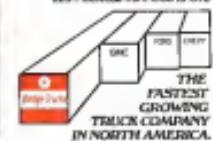
Fortunately, there's also a whole new array of Dodge pickups. Which you can buy or lease.



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of that land and then start it again altogether." Then the ten more general discussions will be based on the limitations of the Human Rights Act. The commission intends to "stretch it to its limits," beginning with a new case to be heard in the Federal Court of Appeal in the end of May. It concerns three Canadian women who landed immigrants, who recently were ordered deported from Canada. Under the Canadian Immigration Act, women who have been granted entry into Canada can do so only if they work for five years or do domestic work for three years. The women, who had been granted status on their own merit, argued that since there was no provision for them to work, they should be allowed entry into Canada provided they work for five years as domestic workers. The Immigration Minister, however, ruled that since there was no provision for them to work, they should be allowed entry into Canada provided they work for five years as domestic workers. The Immigration Minister, however, ruled that since there was no provision for them to work, they should be allowed entry into Canada provided they work for five years as domestic workers.

For another, she wants the act amended to include an provision for legal action documents on over sexual orientation and to bring under the commission's mandate the Indian Act (which, among other things stipulates that Indian women who marry non-Indians lose forever all rights of reserve Indians). As well, there is concern over the section of the act that denies rights to individuals to see the contents of federal files on them. While that right is acknowledged, a file can still be withheld or denied, ranging from "national security" to "confidential operational relations." In March, the act was amended only four days after a total of 238 arrests.

As Fairweather works toward major amendments in coming months, he says he'll go through about the rights already set down in the act of equal pay to women and men for work of equal value. In the meantime, there are all the specific guarantees to be dealt with. The Sack load from a construction site for wearing a turban instead of a hard hat, the New Brunswick woman denied employment with the CBC because her husband is employed there, the high school student in Ajax, Ontario denied pilot's training with the Armed Forces because she is female.

Facing such challenges, Fairweather is mainly optimistic and continues to delight in remonstrating in front of audiences the irony that the Canadian Human Rights Act received royal assent on Justice Day, the same day that, back in 1991, the stand of the Senate rejected a bill to amend the act. "I expect our efforts to usher in further legislation and, for the most part, they may simply nothing," Fairweather responds with smugness, trusting that time will prove them wrong.

JULIANNE LABERGE

Behavior

If you've got it, they'll flaunt it

Two hundred aspiring McCanns and McDougalls this summer hoping to prove they have what it takes to make it big. In late March—just one week after the Nova Scotia government learned that another two of its business visitors had started Sandy Comeau, minister of development, arrived at a \$150,000-a-head competition for homegrown entrepreneurs in Halifax.

The latest entrepreneurs may have more success than the photos of flicking notebooks and hanky-panky pants would belie. The organizers are Victoria Firestone, a Massachusetts firm that in 18 years has helped new businesses succeed in economic backwoods like southern Kentucky. President Alex Draggie, who sold one of his own companies for \$1 million, says his firm will back the five or six entrepreneurs it chooses—those who survive a six-day marathon of business games—with the real thing: \$10,000 worth of venture capital and three act as advisor during the annual first year of operation.

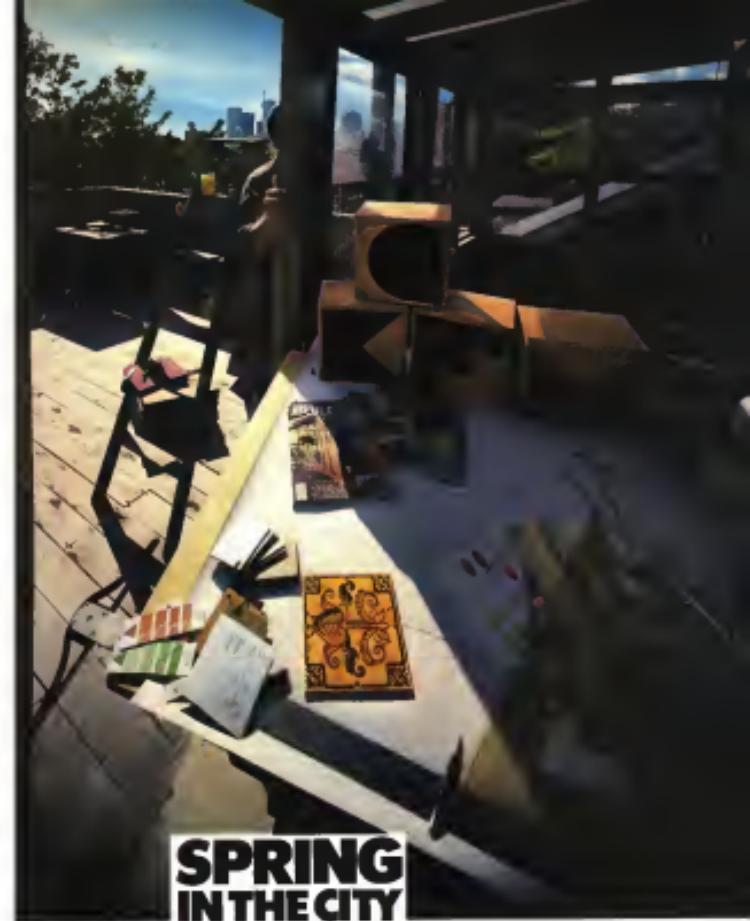
Vice-President Brian Harten says that when you're trying to evaluate business ideas, they make the mistake of thinking that lots of money, a good product and the right location will make it nice, but Harten believes that it's the touch of what he calls a "true business-health" that entrepreneurs are bound to fail.

The profile of the perfect Nova Scotian entrepreneur as defined by Draggie is dismally bland—no quirks, no power,

no overwhelming desire for instant riches and暴富, just someone committed body and soul to an idea. He (not she—important new businesses are almost invariably started by men) will be 30 to 40 years old, bright but not excessively so, prepared to take risks but not courageous ones. Chances are he'll be a lone or second entrepreneur, though it's not unusual to co-own a business with his wife. Many likely prospects, says Harten, have been fired and want to be their own boss.

Victoria Firestone has set up shop in government offices in Halifax, where she has been holding 45 to 50 sessions a week since early April. Those who survive two interviews get a crack at the finals. For those who make it to the top, candidates will be invited to a Halifax hotel to undergo a massive 16-hour-a-day grueling that involves all the minutiae of running a new business—payroll crisis, loss of staff, production line breakdown—under the eye of Victoria Firestone, behavioral psychologist Jeff Timmons. He will carefully observe each head of sweat, nervous tick and fit of temper.

According to the experts, the team should assemble reveal how much the likely entrepreneur knows about business financing, marketing, branding, market—and most important, whether he's "committed" to the road he's chosen. Often, Victoria Firestone's vocabulary of success: "An entrepreneur is one in the state of mind," says Draggie. "But if he's really committed to it, he always find a way to solve his problems."



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Health

When mother and child are not doing well

It's a heartbreakingly common emergency. The pregnant woman, weighing about 10 pounds of excess, has already arrived at delivery, dizzy and exhausted. Her balance has given her a small step closer to Terromo's Hospital for Sick Children. Struggling to make it through his fourth hour of life, an underdeveloped lung suddenly gives out. For the doctor at Ward 2G the incubator decision was easy: get the baby on oxygen fast. But, like the 1,380 newborn infants treated to the account lent each year, he had arrived with little warning and even less medical data. That meant only a few crucial minutes in which to make a diagnosis and begin treatment. Says Dr. Michael Lewars, a member of Ward 2G's specialist team: "It's like piecing together a jigsaw puzzle without a picture and with little details or permanent memory in the status."

That baby survived a headache with Group B Strep, an often fatal disease carried unknowingly by up to 20 per cent of mothers and sometimes contracted by the child at birth. Many babies aren't so lucky. They would starve to death, says Dr. Lewars, if more hospitals had permanent—specialized—equipped units for handling high-risk pregnancies. Their specialists could spot and prevent difficulties ordinary doctors miss. The medical community in Ontario has been pushing for more sophisticated pregnancy care since 1977, when a report prepared for the Ontario health department recommended the immediate establishment of a network of regional perinatal centres. But so far only a few have been set up across the country—the most complete is at McMaster University in Hamilton—despite proof that such preventive medicine can help mothers and save lives.

"Regular doctors can't be expected to

keep up with all the latest developments in perinatology," says Dr. Sidney Effer, head of the Maternal and Child Health Unit that has just moved on the post from Ward 2G. To emphasize that explosion, the unit hosts a series of seminars each year for obstetricians, gynaecologists and paediatricians, drawing in experts from around the world. By demonstrating that many birth disorders can be prevented with better use of technology, doctors at the centre hope to persuade the government to act on those old recommendations.

Until it does, the Hamilton clinic, established in 1973, must continue to stretch its facilities to handle a heavy load of emergency cases sent from as far away as James Bay. A staff carefully trained in quickly changing perinatal techniques had backed up by highly complex equipment—such as ultrasonic scans to monitor fetal growth, heartbeats and movements—monitors mothers and fetuses throughout pregnancy. Such state-of-the-art equipment is far beyond the reach of most family doctors and even small hospitals. But the proposed regional network would normally provide hospital pregnancy clinics and free access to any hospital whatever and whenever patients may need. Effer the network could "handle the whole process of pregnancy, and not just wait until a baby goes to trouble during delivery and then repeat it miles away for emergency assistance."

Children born in Toronto face exactly that predicament. With little prenatal care available, high-risk pregnancies are hard to prepare for; most newborns in danger are rushed to the Hospital for Sick Children.

Right (High) and **Opposite** Linda Haynes, an ultrasound scanner to monitor the development of Linda Haynes' embryo to be at McMaster on chance of prevention



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does where mistakes are expected. "Toronto's prenatal mortality is unusually high (17 per 1,000)," says Lowes, "but mortality is not the only consideration." He says upgraded prenatal care could obviously reduce the number of infant deaths who suffer carelessness during delivery as well, for example the more than 750 Canadian babies each year who develop cerebral palsy at birth.

No one objects to saving children from the horrors of cerebral palsy. The sensible



Name Marks Continues administering oxygen and an injection to a premature baby at the McMaster centre for the experts

surprising block to widespread development of prenatal centres is the Ontario government's squeeze on health care funds. But proponents of the centres such as Dr Graham Chance of the Hospital for Sick Children emphasize the cost of not having such units. In Ontario where prenatal clinics have operated since the late 1960s health authorities say that for every 390000 newborns each year \$6 million is saved in the cost of caring for families who would have been crippled at birth. Canadian statistics say that those whose babies have damaged central nervous systems at least \$300,000 in additional care and lost time to society on average of \$12,000 a year for 40 years. Nine years ago the government of Ontario authorized its committee and its budget to determine the most economical use of health dollars. Prenatal care emerged as "the priority of priorities," far ahead of either infant or health disease research. The idea is clearly one whose time is coming, though not so fast as a growing number of women and doctors think it should. No doubt she estimated 10 per cent of expectant mothers who end up high-risk pregnancies in Canada each year and the four per cent who come to grief during birth would testify to that.

TERRY PULTON

Advertising

Getting it down in black and white

The products are plainly intended to suggest quality and that they are affordably and attractively packaged, that goes out in writing contrast to the color all around them. Toronto Lubbock shopper Vicki Hodgson buys a black and white cloth marked meat, then buys it site her grocery can. "This thing wouldn't win any beauty contest," she says. "But the price is right." Across town at Doncaster, Mary Belle Ikeda, a mother of four, receives the nationally advertised baby shampoo (\$2.38 for 350 ml) off from her shopping buggy and replaces it with go-ahead baby shampoo (\$1.25 for twice as much). Spurred by a 15.1 per cent increase in food prices in the past year, thousands of shoppers like Hodgson and Ikeda have kept supermarket buying and store meat buy stocking shelves with generic products—an branded, standard grade grocery and household items sold at prices from 10 to 40 per cent lower average—were introduced into Canada as we do by major Ontario stores. So eager are some to find lower costs that for instance high food costs at Lubbock Ltd., the number-two supermarket operator in the province and for first—by a day, to put it in line of 16 "no-name" grocers who US stores use as three-month sales practices exceeded in two weeks. Doncaster Stores Ltd., the top chain with 216 outlets in Ontario, doubled its projected sales in the last two weeks. More recently, Ontario Group introduced 48 generic products into its 46 Food City stores.

Despite the chain's bid to persuade consumers that low prices start mainly from "eliminating costly frills" such as fancy packaging, multi-colored labels and advertising, industry observers say otherwise. "It's obvious that the price differences are coming from special buys," says Frank Warkom, president of the Lubbock Ltd., Ontario-based grocery chain. "Our main outlet at both London and Doncaster says the chain's success depends on their ability to negotiate good on-the-spot deals for manufacturers," he says—and the lower quality range of brand name suppliers. However, the inconsistent quality of the anonymous products may cause people who bought once out of economy to return to the trusty old brands—and if a repeat buying pattern is not established, genetics won't last. Does it come to Toronto shoppers? Vicki Russell, single-parent to discover two sons, says different words: "If you grow there in your own garden you wouldn't want them by us before you eat them, would you?" he says. A recent American study confirmed by Progressive Grocer magazine showed that more than



Many Shoppers Find a Deal on Baby Shampoo at Lubbock, a Lubbock Supermarket (below) checking out the latest products at Doncaster when it's in season, often half price.

two-thirds of generic purchases used the products even at least as good in quality as those they had been buying.

With the multi-billion dollar supermarket competition in Ontario probably the toughest in Canada, supermarket losers that the leap into genetics is merely another ploy to shake up the market by providing a strong low-price image for stores. As well, genetics can be seen as a marketing response to the popular service sector's steady slide. But as advertisers picked up on the surging fed about five years ago, they are now making the most of the backlash in wordless advertising and packaging. Keith Russell, chairman of the Packaging Association of Canada, an organization of 1100 manufacturers, says "People stop to look at packaging and they are not going to buy just because they need something." What the success of generic products, probably is the continuing power of the package, he says, "because it's a way of broadening their appeal, at least for awhile." The real question, "says Denby, "is where will genetics be 10 years from now?"

Upfiling on the promise of savings may be in buyers' most interests agree that genetics will never account for more than 3 per cent of total sales. Financial Derby chairman of MPR Marketing Research Inc., says shopping circuit by to show business

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Doncaster Stores Vice-President Alan Jackson, who says generic products are the company's primary profit. He says both major Ontario chains had losses last year, but the company was purchased by Fraser's Canadian chain in 1978 and successfully expanded to North America last fall by Chicago's Jewel Food Stores. Overwhelmed by the Ontario public's response to bare-bones supermarket bargains, officials of both companies are now expanding a larger range of products and expansion to other provinces.

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McDearmon on the picket line, and strikers Shirley Lee McDearmon on the Fleck picket line in early April. The little strike that grew

First contract at Fleck: producers of automotive seat belts, think they're revolutionaries-style. They're not. They're just the last of John Ford's *Quiet Man*. Six months ago, the strike began in the small town near London, Ontario, and the UAW have secured Fleck management and the provincial police of Cambridge, and the Ontario government of another of options. On the face of the contract, in an early April, McDearmon believed that there is "a trial of gangplow leading from Fleck to the office of [Premier] Bill Davis." While his manager has led to speculation that he is using the Fleck strike to prove to labor and the public that the Partisan Front has the little guy, such talk does not issue the remuneration of McDearmon's charges.

All but five of the 90 workers on the picket line are women whom the company pays \$2.65 to \$3 an hour. They're asking for 75 cents more an hour (Fleck has offered 15 cents plus additional provincial benefit benefits) and a few basic improvements in working conditions—the exten-

sion of rights in the workplace being one. Management, which now refuses to make statements to the press, is holding back on a previous visit to the plant by the newly organized workers—the Rand Formula, common to nearly all union contracts which requires that all employees not just union members pay dues. McDearmon says the company position is designed to break the union. And that's not the only tactic used in strikebreaking. Three days before the walkout, two Ontario Provincial Police officers arrived in the plant to advise the women on preventable diseases and their including the right to justice protection if

they wanted to stay on the job. The new charges that are supposed to be "woman dust" the women to flee to James Fleck, Ontario's deputy minister of industry and tourism—evidently though Fleck had named his ministry of the better part of a year ago. In January 1980, before the strike began, he told the government, but the feeling that the police were exerting undue pressure was not eased by their constant presence near the picket line, with 400 of them on guard the day McDearmon spoke to just 400 Fleck workers and their supporters.

Unlike the labor battles of the '30s, the odds are almost even for the women on strike. They have the support of two main pressure groups—the UAW and the CLC—which on its McDearmon threatened that down Ford of Canada. Fleck's major buyer says producer Sheila Charlton: "It really built up your ego to have the CLC president on the lot with you." But what the women, and organized labor did do during is that on the "No jobs" only one-third of labor is unacceptably basic working conditions and strength to organize and require a fight. Says Debbie Riley on the picket line: "All we are is a bunch of girls onto get decent wage." **TERESA PULINOV**

Memories are made in Singapore

5:30 am

Watched Indonesian boat as the day's catch at a hawker center. The boat had been fishing off Sumatra in a strong gale. Everyone spoke English



1:00 pm

Had Ten-Sam Laksa at Regent Palace. 5000 calories served by Chinese hand-servers

4:00 pm

Visited a Imperial auxiliary office 2,000 miles off the coast of Sumatra. The Chinese and Japanese guides Singapore is the only place where you can eat in two places at once.

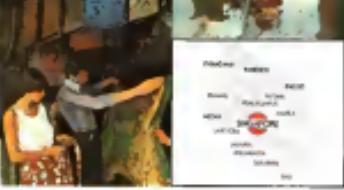
6:00 am

Watched the dawn break over the East Coast. Legend: After the Singapore area of the city grew



7:00 pm

Was invited to a family home for dinner. Had a famous Singapore Gin Slush



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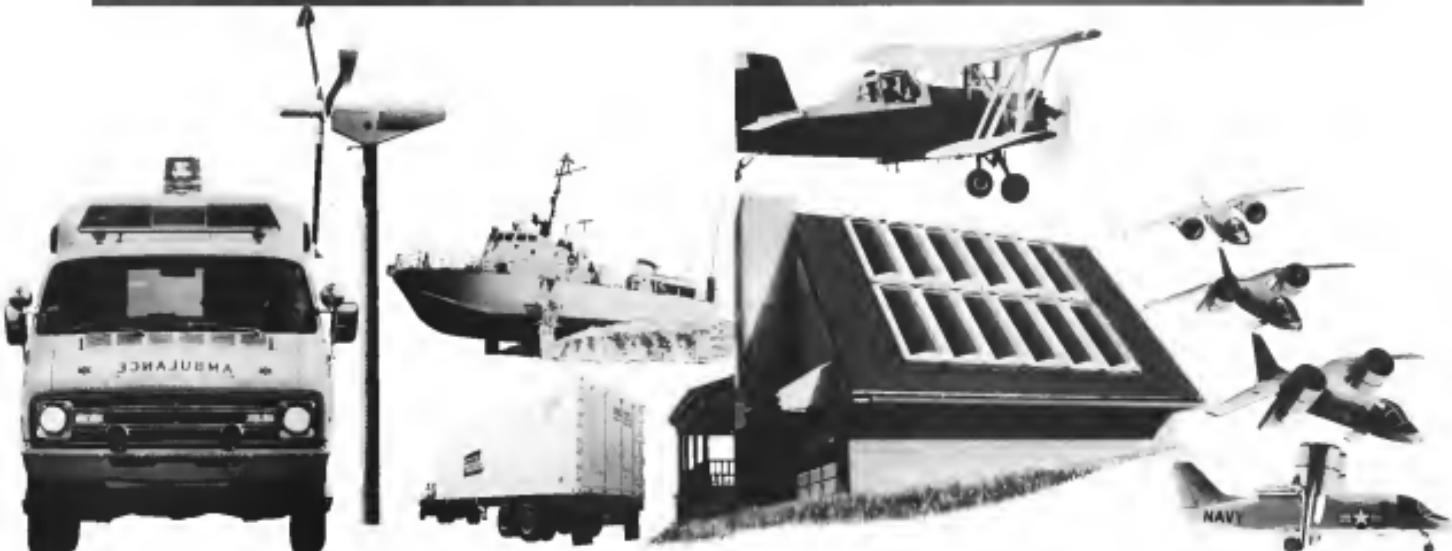
our space capability, stemming from the technology we used to build the lunar landing module that put men on the moon.

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Anyone who supports censorship, be warned: this may make you upchuck

Column by Barbara Amiel

If it hadn't been interesting, I might have missed the reference and gone on thinking that Mr. MacGowan's memorandum behind the justice committee's Report on Pornography just didn't bite. I myself have never been able to see anything socially redeeming in photographs of acne-scarred, autistic young ladies undressing, pigs, vibrators and one another. The babies look so uncomfortable and the pigs I understand only reluctantly about coupling with something that doesn't have a cloven hoof! But on can't. Ruthie MacGowan gave a brief of higher motives behind his now censorship recommendations apart from his deeply felt belief that such photos between all women and all pigs. Explained MacGowan: "There's a small group making a large amount of money out of pornography, and these people aren't even Canadians. They're mostly Americans. Almost all of our pornography is imported."

Well, there it is. Like MacGowan is a Trade Protectionist. If only we'd boil up the powers of customs officials and stop all that popular American filth from an independent porno industry will bloom. After all, who shouldn't Canadian pork get a chance?

Like many Canadians I'd never actually been inside stores selling "erotic art" and dirty books. Last week, in a dash of journalistic integrity, I dragged my reluctant husband on a tour of strip-tease, warning him that we must be prepared for a taste of some things he'd never seen or heard. "It just makes me want to upchuck," said Mr. Stomach Hock, a member of MacGowan's committee after the bad confirmed an array of hoodlum erotica: rubber sex aids and magazines. After standing for some time looking at similar material I began to wonder about the sanity of Mrs. Holt to cope with the vicissitudes of life on defense. Ruthie MacGowan there is nothing arousing or obscene about naked rubber puppets. Still, a member of Parliament who "spitballs" in the face of one that has been procured after inspection, having had days to prepare

for the encounter, rather than suddenly meeting one flushed in an alleyway, must have a rather highly strung system.

Which got me thinking that the reason I am adamantly opposed to censorship is (1) the sort of people who do it do the job

and what follows from that (2) the result that naturally ends up suppressed.

Even as I was glorifying Sorella's crème-léche in Toronto sex shops, the Ontario censor banned the highly acclaimed film *Psiyots* (dubbed "French" director Louis

underground) are housed. Since I explained that he had been influenced in his decision by a recent homosexual rape-murder of a young Toronto boy. This implied that he too was an advocate of the Mark MacGowan school of social science which claims a direct relationship between looking at representations of sex-and-violence and subsequent deviant behavior. Just why Mrs. Holt MacGowan, Sorella et al are uninsured to this and are not now breaking at the mouth having been exposed to *Moulin* river in Boulogne is something probably only their respective spouses can explain. Still if representing representations of sex and violence had any effect on human behavior the Soviet Union ought to be the most non-violent society in the world and India, where on screen killing is banned, ought to be the most peaceful population. In fact, capitalism and violence seem to flourish independently.

It may be true though that it's easier to demonize than to demonstrate that pornography can affect a few people in some areas. But it's also true, and has been singly demonstrated, that most people are stimulated to... maybe through a reading or misreading of Marc Norman or the Bible. Should we ban them as well? Chairman MacGowan? And like pop culture, why not?

In the early '60s the press assumed a law passed in Turkey under which anyone who publicly stated in speech or writing that Turkey was a democracy would be liable to two years' imprisonment. It took a decade or so for MacGowan and his crew to discover the little-known possibility of this sort of legislation and we are now well on our way to *Catching Up With Turkey*.

The country is based on "regulation, conservatism and morality," says MacGowan, so we are "fairly justified in controlling and prohibiting" the ideas of our compatriots whose sexual sensitivity is different from ours. Sorry, no boy. You don't have to like violence or plastic pens to know that disturbing other people's private and often the real obscenity.



Stade. The film is the story of a 16-year-old girl born in New Orleans who becomes the last century's most notorious sex symbol, prostitute, wife, mother. She's a good and bizarre film which was banned as obscenity because Donald Senn made clear it was "exploitative of children." (Given that attitude Little Red Riding Hood is in for some rough sledding, violent transformation, and lots of sexual sexual practices.) "My grand mother what taught you how?" "All the better to eat you with my dear!" The bawling of *Psycho*, Bobo was a studio masterpiece of a pattern as old as civilization itself. Sorella goes underground and continues to flourish commercially while works of art which have no comment-



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Broadcasting

This is John Bassett speaking... so listen good!

Easy, amorous, and grudging admiration are in the air. Several hundred of the country's television broadcasters have gathered in the ballroom of Montreal's Mandarin Hotel to watch a duet song hoping that astute media tycoon John White Blag has Bassett well-licked the day before the big event.

The trouble with the millionaire chairman of Baton Broadcasting Inc. is that he seems to have everything and he still wants more... a lot more. He's tall, tanned, suntanned and tough as a Viking—a 52-year-old elemental force as direct as an anvil and as solid with energy he undoubtedly glows in the dark. A decorative young girl and wife is at his side, which sets off the first morning sunburst the company of his name and his broadcast empire. He owns Canada's biggest and richest TV stations—crosst-Toronto—and will-to-Glen Warren Prod tos, the third largest TV production house in North America.

At this meeting he'll unleash his formidable charm and powerful persuasion on the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) whose approval he needs for an acquisition that has the broadcasting business in an uproar. His proposed \$10-million purchase of the 17 and radio stations of CTV Montreal, currently controlled by the Broadcasters' Board of Management, probably trumps his daring but well-known give-Bassett unprecedented power in both the CTV network (CTV and CFCN are its major stations) and in the Canadian broadcasting system. He knows how potent the opposition is and he's ready to counter it with an argument of dazzling authority.

"I'm not here because I want to make more money," he confides to the single CRTC commissioner, "and enhancing my position at my home is of no interest to me. But I love broadcasting. I'm excited about this prospect, and I believe it has implications for beyond broadcasting."

The implications involve nothing less than Canadian unity. Bassett is boldly contending that his take-over of the Montreal station ought to be approved because "in demonstrating faith in the future of Canada... and in the great destiny of Quebec within a unified federalism, it would be unaffordable and inappropriate indemnification from a key government agency that those who would come and invest their hard work and guts on this province are to be encouraged to do the same in the state from Quebec and our friends in the eastern provinces of continental hope and belief in the future."

The convincing plea as he allowed to largely build the country together is designed to overcome the CRTC's well-known antip-



athy to concentration of such a ownership pattern and reluctance to let Bassett control the 15-station CTV network any more than he already does through ownership of CTV-Glen-Warren and the CTV stations in Sudbury, Ontario. The Baton chairman means it has the CTV charter provides effective limitation on his clout because it allows each owner-operator of the network only a single seat no matter how many stations he may own. Allen Wagen of CTV Toronto is the other multiple owner, with CTV stations in Halifax, Montreal and Sydney. He'll own another if the CRTC approves the purchase of the Lake Ontario full station CTV, a sister station of CFCN which Bassett took over from his dad. Knowing the city wouldn't approve ownership of two stations in the same city, The vice limitation is a great safeguard on paper but ignore Bassett's extremely forceful personality and absolute conviction that his views are always right.

From time to time he and his lawyer E. A. ("Frost Eddie") Goodman perform a little two-step to let on know that Bassett's

assertions of dominance on everything isn't to be taken too seriously. "He's trying to couch me," says attorney Bassett whimsically, offering an answer to a commissioner as Goodman passes him a note. "Unfortunately, I read his writing." So Bassett begins a response to a commissioner by with "Well, I'm not a lawyer, but..." And Goodman is hard to restrain. "We'll somebody get that in writing?"

Bassett's aggressively high-handed style may be his involving in the CRTC but because what he wants goes beyond corporate control to total control of content. Programs are his passion and power is his pleasure and there are risks in allowing one man's tastes and convictions to influence audiences both in Toronto and Montreal and across the CTV network. He could be the most brilliant broadcaster in the country or even a what might galloping to the rescue of confederates. The question the CRTC has to answer is how much broadcast power is too much in the hands of one man. It may be just before it announces a decision.

JOHN BASSETT

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Films

Childhood's End

THE LAST WALTZ
Directed by Martin Scorsese

Near the end of Martin Scorsese's film about The Band's final stage performance Bob Dylan—short and tattered beneath his bone-white fedora—finds himself on stage with the venerated Dutch band of rock. The song wishes the latter happiness and prosperity but none of it changes that he or she remains forever young. It's a somber elegy for a movie that symbolically punctuates the end of the '60s—a decade that ushered in some real change on a dream of perpetual youth.

A son of rock'n'roll equivalent of the *Apocalypse Now*, *The Last Waltz* is a cameo laden documentary about the Irish band of The Band, four Canadians and an American who wanted out. Toronto 18 years ago and chose to play their last date before 5,000 people at San Francisco's Winterland Ballroom in November, 1976. Directed by Scorsese (*Taxi Driver*, New York, New York) allegedly because he was young enough at 36 to have sympathy for the cause, it concludes a small assault of music movies. But can an audience close performance shots of The Band and artist made famous by the '60s such as Neil Young, Eric Clapton, Van Morrison, Jimi Hendrix and Bob Dylan, with conviction?

But what makes this small document worth more attention than previous long-gauge-music rock movies is Scorsese's attitude to his subject. In a subtle departure from tradition he uses an organic crowd shot, no scenes of backstage wrangling or doorstacking. Even the interviews are largely uneventful. The Band, as well as the other aging and recluse stars, are more human in the movie than they are in life. Surprise losses of the '80s and '90s youth by means the decade's "most no-

sensical symbol" attained in an artifact. He separates it from its backdrop in the streets and lovingly presents it as pure form, each set intentionally placed before us for dispassionate judgment. A rock'n'roll Lourdes.

But then a flyover never goes over the name of the Northern Ontario town in Neil Young's *Helpless* or don't know what creeps you up on *Cripple Creek* like a pass in *The Last Waltz*. You had to be there. **TONI HIRSCHBERG**

Not so proudly they serve

CELESTE MCKEE
Directed by Hal Ashby

How many men is it since the Vietnam war? Ten? More? Well, only now has Hollywood brought on the tiny major flick to try to come to grips with what that war has done to the American people. Not the damage on the battlegrounds, but in the damage to the psyche. And the damage to the personal lives of the participants even themselves, which for whom there are no easy cuts or adequate compensation. *Coring House* might not have been made even now but for Jane Fonda's passionate commitment to the theme, even so. Nancy Dorn claims that her original screenplay was severely impacted in the last rewriting by Waldy Solit and Robert C. Jones.

Coring House—Jane Fonda's the typical overprotective wife of a gang-be-An-American-man-or-not Brof Dept. who is sent to Vietnam. While he becomes slowly disillusioned Jane goes to work in the Los Angeles Veterans Administration Hospital's Memphis ward. She befriends Penelope Maloff, the matriarch of a neo-conservative family there, and moves into a bungalow beach apartment next to hers. Soon the fire turns down in Jan Voight as a repeatedly embittered paraplegic who



Fonda and Voight: yes, we're still moved

Slowly this evolves into an affair even as Miller loses a brilliant young brother to the aftermaths of war and Fonda becomes alienated from her husband's world and ideal. Dorn acts out in learning of Voight's relations with his wife with murder in his soul.

A searching and illuminating movie could have been made from this material had it not been makers opted for perfunctory and in the end unsatisfactory under Hal Ashby's amateur direction. Dorn is a typical male chauvinist who ends up of everything coming solidly in his bed. Consequently, Voight is not only the energy of war and all kinds of character, but also, despite his handicap, the man who grows. His/her first orgasm. First orgasm is going to be one of a movie's worst jolts—enough like *Born Free* in Andy Hardy days. But at least losses were short. *Coring House* is almost as much about caring as about coming home.

The story of the hapless old brother's suicide is told incongruously—and need even less retelling by Robert, the younger, and one hopes less of the Carnivalesque. The sound track boozehounds us with this thought: if only there were a way of being free of the idea of death. And the weary end in a right out of *Born To Run*. Still despite Ashby's amateurishness or overinvolvement in some key scenes, there are some well observed moments and the performances by Fonda and Voight are absolutely first-rate. Only Dorn overdoes the ultra-American feminist-mommy-marrow Peacock. Miller is excellent and Blanka I. Wulff has photographed with his usual artistry. Sets somewhat subduced in the service of the harsh material.

If only the film had not been stilted—if, for instance, the husband had been a slightly more sympathetic figure and the paraplegic less disabled—it could have been adult and gripping rather than merely idled and grueling. **JOHN SIMON**

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Mickie, Fonda, Red Bookie and Long
the Band, Dylan, Robbie Robertson
(from *The Band*) and Bruce Hornsby
(from *The Remnant*) benefit, *Stimula*,
Robertson (of *The Remnant* good news-rolling

ministry to play with problems of achievement. And Bokorszfi could show a natural close to shooting when (for example) he combed the Jews at Warsaw for their pianist escape attempts in the fall of 1938 than remaining in fact the Nazis' Polish non-territory is fairly undesirable," he wrote. "You would expect the Jews to show a certain degree of incisiveness."

But the same intellectual honesty Pack-
engel showed in condemning both
communism and nazism as totalitarian evils
was driving him to action. His friends
and values were undergoing packout. In spite of
family pressure he remained in France.
"Everything the seems of relative
importance" has a note in Jack's 1948 "For
go into exile every conceivable effort to stay
in France until they see you in case."

He did Interrog in France by the Germans he escaped to England where he promptly joined the Special Operations Executive (SOE) of the British Army He parachuted back into France in 1944 to organize Resistance forces but he had been betrayed and Pfeiffer was captured and tortured by the Gestapo After months of beatings and near starvation he again tried to escape managing to slip the throng of an officer in the doorway and jump out of a second floor interrogation room window Captured and sent to death he could do little to his death whistling *Alouette and Tannenbaum*

In his ideas and personality Prékopański seemed to differ little from several hundred other bright young Canadians of his time. In his Prairie upbringing he had learned many things which he regarded as the spiritual essence; he discovered what he believed to be man's birthright from an appreciation of man's natural gifts and his right to bring them to fruition. He was an idealist who believed that to reflect might have been more prudent, but which often led him to choose right over wrong. Whatever his errors, no action in schools or universities can compare with his life at UBC. Friends, Prékopański had the courage to stand by his principles, the courage to stand by his knowledge that has lasted long. God knows, it is unusual for a man to carry on and to wrangle unceasingly like BARBARA SYKES.

Short links to the papers

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- 2 The Human Factor, Collymore
- 3 Arie of God, Templeton (4)
- 4 The Elminster Archives (1)
- 5 Dennis Martin, Foster (4)
- 6 The Last Days of Schindler, Le Goff (3)
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- 6 McClure's, The Clancy Years, Scott
- 7 All of Baba's Children, Komatsu (18)
- 8 The Art of Wine and Winetasting, Heisler (4)
- 9 Tate Thompson, Town & Grace (7)
- 10 The Diverse Years, Berlin (3)

| 3 Preliminary issue



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Word of mouth has a lot to do with advertising. Advertising in fact is really nothing more than paid for speech or propaganda. And while it is true that ads can help a good product succeed in the right place, by the same token, it can help destroy a bad one. The need for successful advertising is paired with lots of ethics and like this.

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Joe and Pierre, Pierre and Joe, more than anyone cares to know

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The first time I saw Pierre Trudeau, one may Sunday early in 1965, I trailed him for a whole day and inadvertently witnessed his first encounter with 14-year-old Margaret Trudeau since the two had met on Tupper. Our relationship has now provided to the level where the other day, as he was coming out of his press conference, he happily signed my autograph on my foot, I innocently punched him on the arm, as one does instinctively (don't you?!) to anyone who steps on your face. Once, in a small gathering where everyone was being introduced to me, I extended my hand and, instead, he whipped me in the chest. The first time I met Joe Clark, in October 1975, even before he was a small defiance, and his fingers trembled so much in nervousness I immediately went him off as a serious contender for his party's top job. So much for defences won't.

The point is, however much Pierre Trudeau's public arrogance and hubris, it is hard to dislike or provoke anyone who steps on your face and punches you in the chest. And an attack between earnest Joe Clark may appear in public, it is hard to want to anyone who makes you nearly over breakfast by the extent of his bumbling.

They have different styles, but these two are strange cases—with some strange similarities. For the very few who never had a chance to get them from reading or watching, here are some minimum rights in two broadest part terms for example sales. For Clark, by close friend David Hampshire, is a cloaking an administration almost manages to obfuscate the fascinating bafflement about the boy Clark, who struggled onto a seat. The vastly sanguine Trudeau, well written by George Radwanski, also displays an enduring humor who gives the raw all the judgment calls in second base. While the general themes of the books are well reviewed, the individual drama perhaps reveals more about the bumble than imagined.

Does it help your dimmer chisel to know that Trudeau's office contains a regular bin of chocolates to oppose his sweet tooth? And that Clark, a Colin oblige, who relishes junk food? Trudeau as might be predictably has his fabulous cards cannot recall the names of people quite familiar to him. Paul Trudeau's problem is his spurious ineffectual isolation; in the end reads a newspaper at back, until late

to, few stories. Part of Clark's problem may be that he loves movies, whether good or bad, and prefers the better. He likes mystery novels.

There is a slight unraveling the mystery of why the sprightly Clark is such an Alberta Albertan. High Street, for all its cowboy name, had much opportunity—under Clifford Sharp's immigration policies—widely interested in England. During the 1950s it attracted a clutch of renunciates men, the numberless steps of the



English country boy Joe Clark was born in this genteel ambience. It's why Jack Roberge doesn't fit.

Trudeau, as part of a self-exposed Clark's Afternoons designed to tax a frail, immature child into a fit specimen, assumed forcing himself to swim every day in the country however cold. Clark always showed up at 3 while fishing with his father and feared water for years.

Clark's biographer immediately points a picture of an Author of the comic strip. An amateur, Clark ate enormous amounts of chips, pizzas, cheese crisps and a constant popcorn called Piggycock. In London, he was a stockroom assistant in the basement of posh Harrods. He took a bit邂逅 a barista and moved out because of the noise.

He failed law school at both ends of the country Dublin and one.

On his first date with Margaret McTeer at the fashionable Louis St. Laurent, he was baffled into ordering a full bottle of wine and then gave it on their way home. On his only evening diversion in Europe he tried the Monte Carlo Casino and was thrown out for not winning a sit.

If Clark were off an amiable flunkie in the eyes of his offering biographer

Trudeau in the words of his Russell comes across a grain as afraid of his own feelings he dare not show them. Radwanski settles in to him "creatively" after losing a notorious debate putting a gun on the permanent and perched Montreal referee squirming the trigger to a noisy black.

He has no compassion. He deeply honours the loyal Michel Sharp by steadfastly refusing to inquire about Sharp's wife during the long years she suffered an unceasing illness before dying

the refusal—despite urging from allies—to release some

information about Don MacLennan with trademark anger, surgery in disgrace, or having led to MacLennan's ultimate decision to leave politics.

Quite interestingly, for all the image of Clark as a weak man dominated by a strong wife, there is evidence he had the confidence always to make out intelligent women. Friends thought he was due to marry Caron Gibson, who stopped the law school at Queen's, when she was tragically killed in a car accident after she had just said goodbye to Joe at a party meeting. Among his early dates was Noella Fabre, now a free-

yer in the Nova Scotia attorney-general's department and the economist Jim MacLennan. (See How sweet it is.)

For some reason, it is detailed that Clark was once suspected of being a homosexual. And Gérard Pelletier points out that for all Trudeau's physical driving he is actually very safe. He is "surprisingly but in a very calculated way."

Most revealing of all, there is the Trudeau unconscious confidence that he is a long leader—that a 50% of principle he will never ask a winning minister to stay or solicit others to join his team.

It all there is the boggling indication that out shoddy is between one man who have spent most of their lives drafting. For 21 years, well entered politics in 1963 "Endless love" life of a homeopath hovering over what interested him without ever quite figuring, something as much as he could from it, and that always fitting out something else." Clark has never had a job outside of university party or government. One a professional athlete, the other a professional fiddler. Neither has ever had anything useful reaching the top.

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